

BALTIMORE™

THE CULT OF THE RED KING

MIKE
MIGNOLA

CHRISTOPHER
GOLDEN

PETER
BERGTING

DAVE
STEWART





The Red King is legendary. But is he the stuff of myth—or the ultimate adversary of the human race?

Lord Baltimore's hunt to destroy the Red King takes him to northern Russia, where he finds witchcraft in the streets of St. Petersburg and evil in its shadows. With new allies and fearsome new enemies, Baltimore discovers the truth about an ancient evil that threatens to destroy the world. But as his path grows darker, he may lose not only his way—but also those closest to him.

BALTIMORE

The Cult of the Red King





In homage to Ivan Bilibin by Peter Bergting

BALTIMORE™

THE CULT OF THE RED KING

VOLUME SIX

Story by

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CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN**

Art by

PETER BERGTING

Colors by

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Publisher **MIKE RICHARDSON**

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DarkHorse.com

Published by Dark Horse Books
A division of Dark Horse Comics, Inc.
10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222

First print edition: January 2016
Digital ISBN 978-1-63008-366-3

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This volume collects *Baltimore: The Cult of the Red King* #1–#5, published by Dark Horse Comics.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Mignola, Michael.

Baltimore. Volume six, The cult of the Red King / story by Mike Mignola, Christopher Golden ; art by Peter Bergting ; colors by Dave Stewart ; letters by Clem Robins ; cover art by Mike Mignola with Dave Stewart ; chapter break art by Ben Stenbeck with Dave Stewart. -- First edition.

pages cm. -- (Baltimore ; 6)

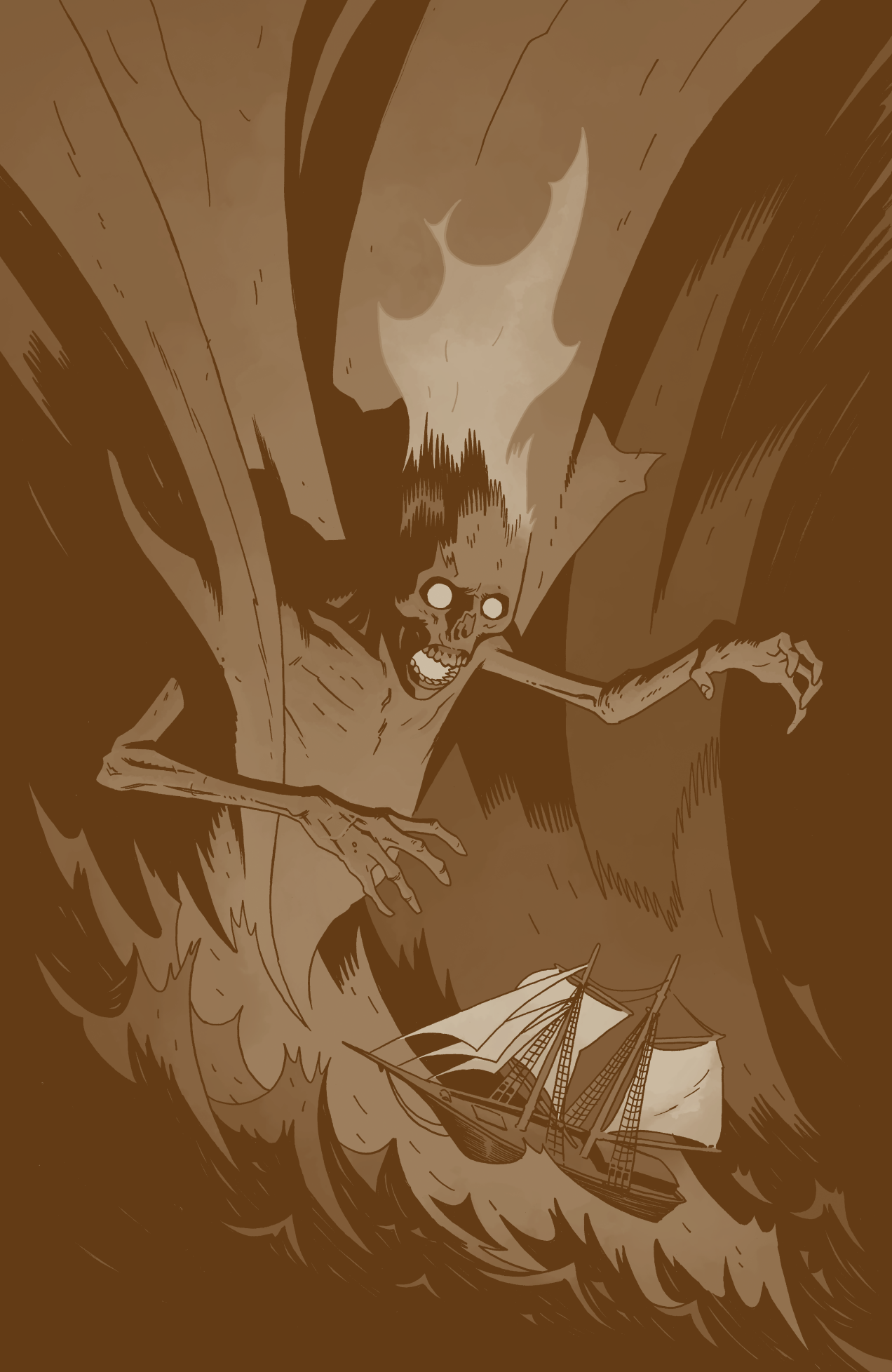
ISBN 978-1-61655-821-5 (hardback)

1. Good and evil--Comic books, strips, etc. 2. Witches--Comic books, strips, etc. 3. Graphic novels.
I. Golden, Christopher, author. II. Bergting, Peter, illustrator. III. Stewart, Dave, illustrator. IV. Robins, Clem, illustrator. V. Stenbeck, Ben, illustrator. VI. Title. VII. Title: Cult of the Red King.
PN6727.M53B37 2016
741.5'973--dc23

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CHAPTER ONE





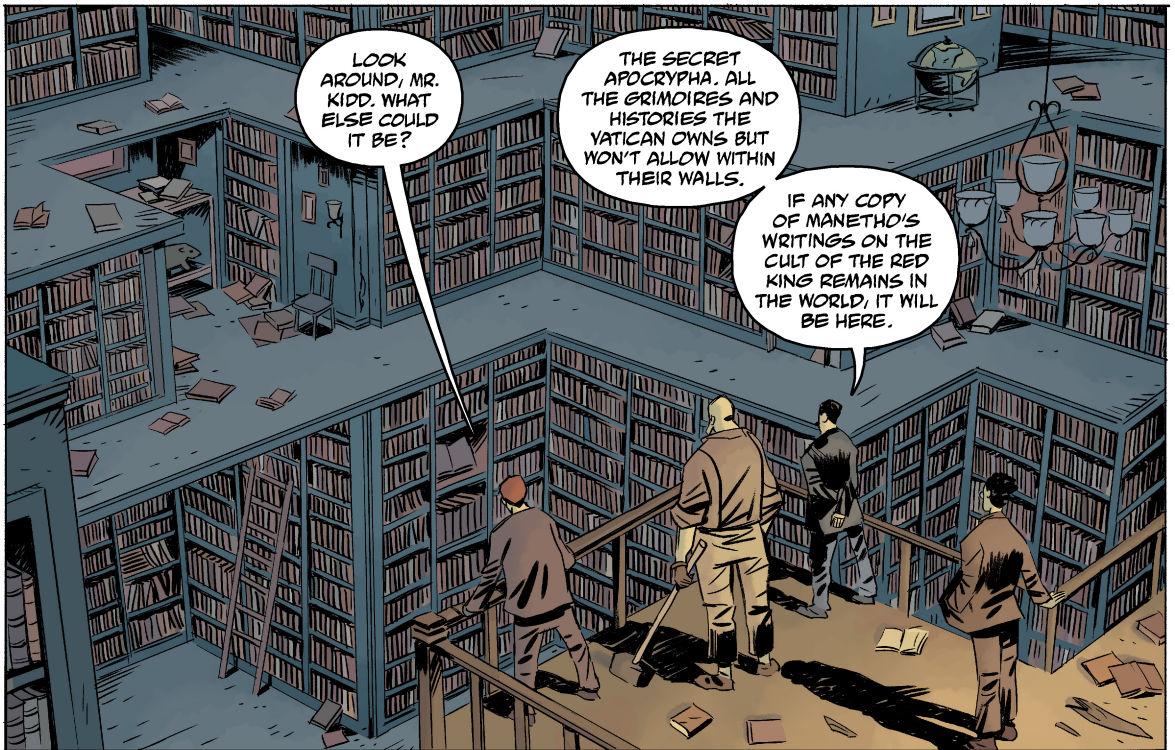
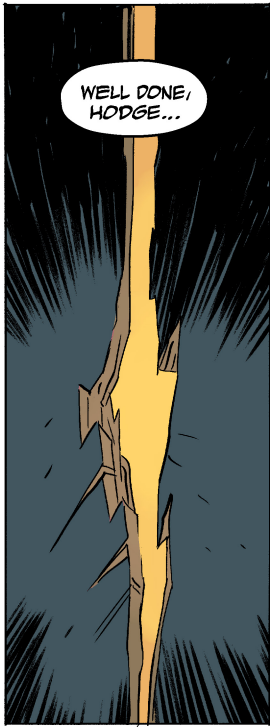
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MAY 27,
1920.





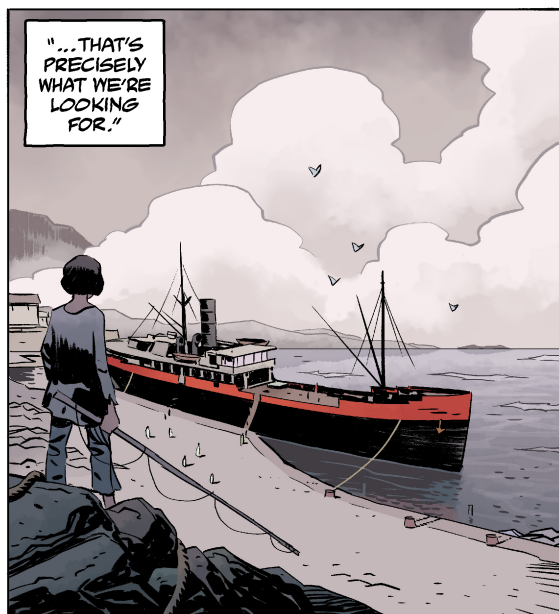
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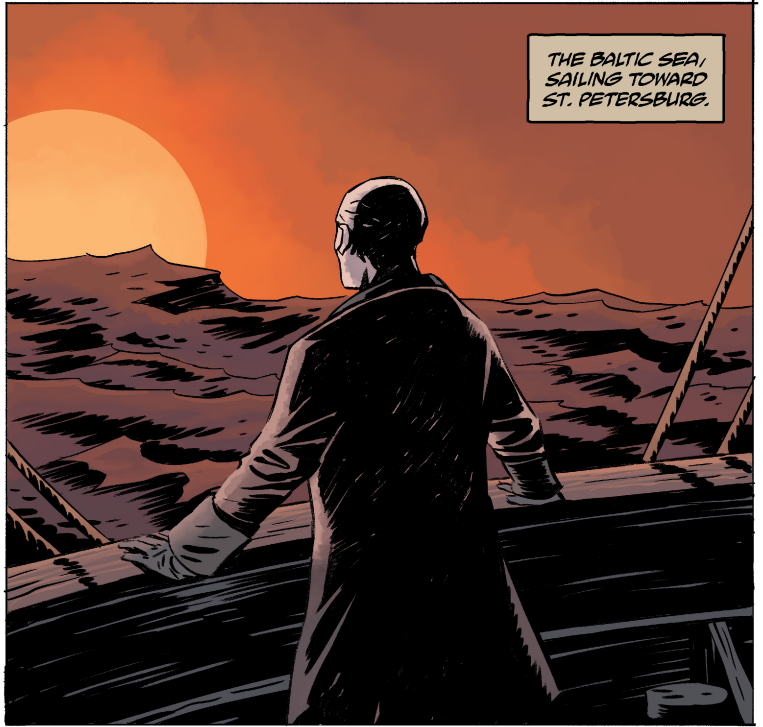
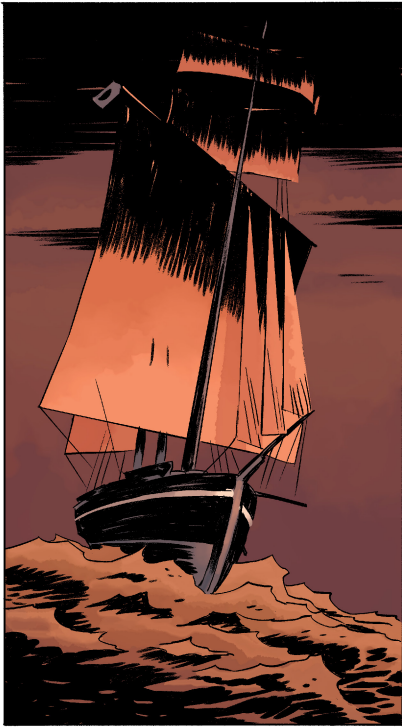




FOR THIS YOU BREAK MY SHELVES? MANETHO'S LATER WORKS ARE NOTHING BUT SCRIBBLES. THE ONLY THING YOU WILL LEARN FROM HIM ABOUT THE RED KING...



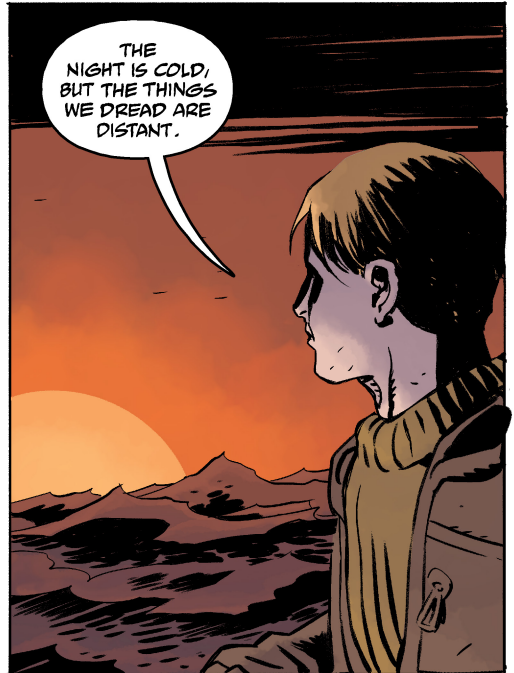




THE BALTIC SEA,
SAILING TOWARD
ST. PETERSBURG.



TRY TO
BREATHE,
HENRY. TAKE
A MOMENT
FOR YOUR-
SELF. YOU'VE
EARNED
IT.

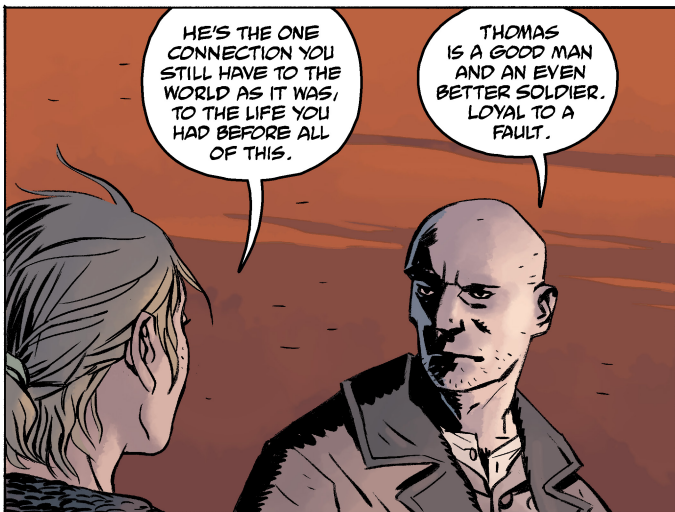
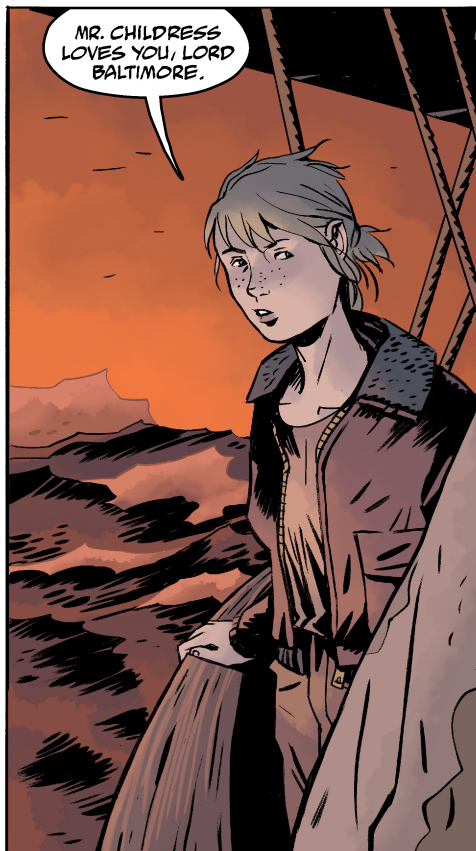


THE
NIGHT IS COLD,
BUT THE THINGS
WE DREAD ARE
DISTANT.



THE THINGS
WE DREAD
ARE ALWAYS
WITH US NOW,
THOMAS.

AS FOR
MYSELF, WHAT
IS *THAT*? I HAVE
NO SELF. THERE IS
NOTHING LEFT OF
ME. NO BREATH. NO
FAMILY. NO ONE
LEFT WHO TRULY
KNOWS ME.





LORD
BALTIMORE IS
TROUBLED.



WE SHOULD
GIVE HIM HIS
PRIVACY.

IS THAT
WHAT HE
NEEDS...?

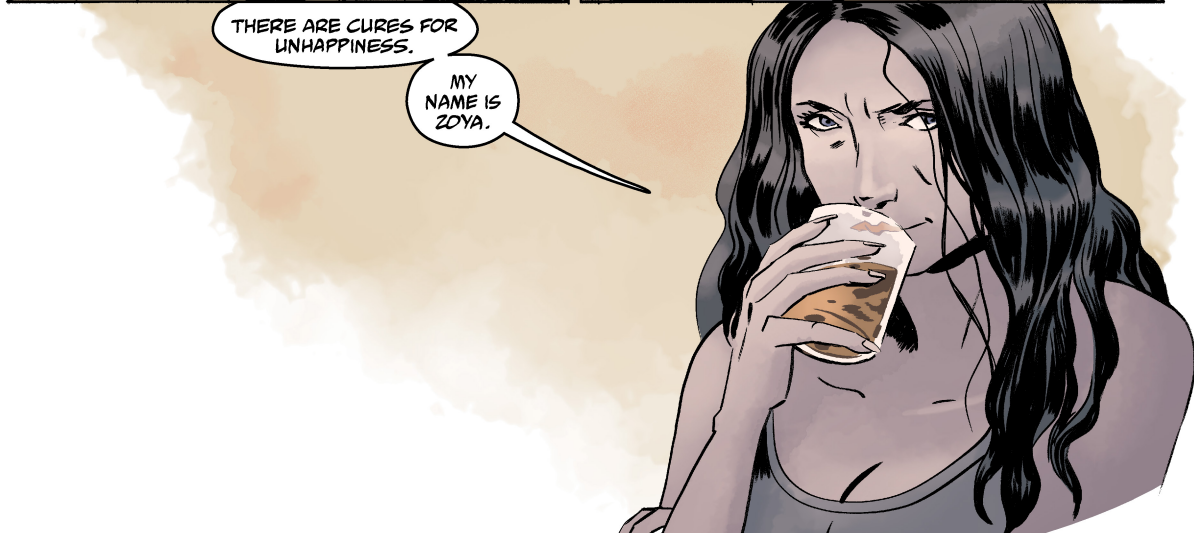


"...PRIVACY?"



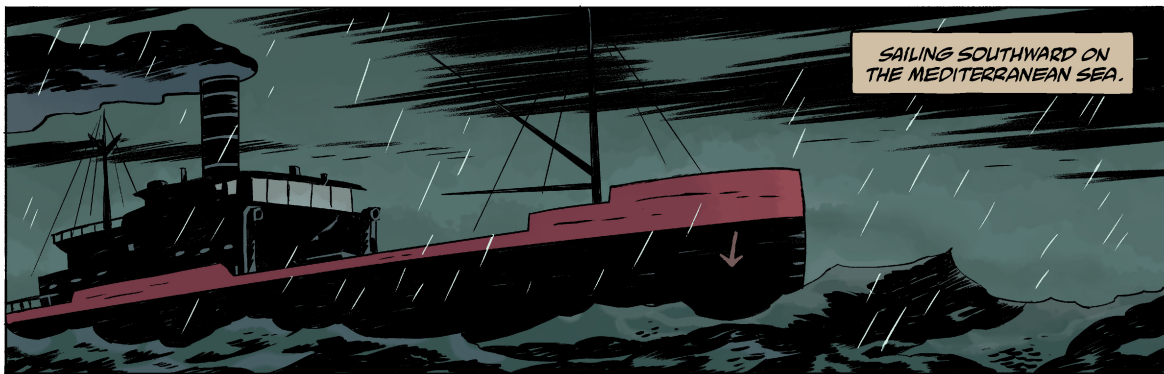
HELLO,
HANDSOME
MAN. YOU
DON'T LOOK
HAPPY.

IS
ANYONE
HAPPY THESE
DAYS?



THERE ARE CURES FOR
UNHAPPINESS.

MY
NAME IS
ZOYA.



SAILING SOUTHWARD ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.



TAKE THE HELM.

YES, CAPTAIN AISCHROS.



KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN. THE WATER IS CALM, BUT THERE ARE THINGS THAT HIDE IN THE NIGHT AND THE SEA...



"...ALL OF THE OLD TALES ARE TRUE, NOW."

RRUMBL



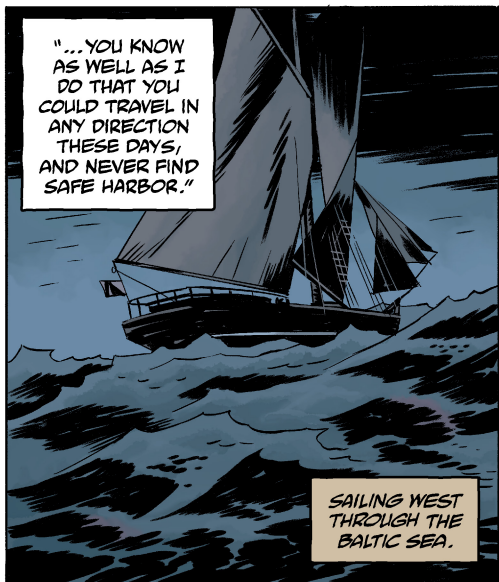
YOU FEEL IT TOO? ALL OF YOU?

FATE, LIKE A BEACON, DRAWING US NEAR.

IF IT'S FATE, MR. MARCHAND, WE'RE HEADED RIGHT FOR IT. WE HAD ANY BLOODY SENSE, WE'D BE SAILING THE OTHER DIRECTION.



COME NOW, MR. KIDD...



"...YOU KNOW
AS WELL AS I
DO THAT YOU
COULD TRAVEL IN
ANY DIRECTION
THESE DAYS,
AND NEVER FIND
SAFE HARBOR."

SAILING WEST
THROUGH THE
BALTIC SEA.



IT'S
SO COLD,
HARISH.

THIS FAR NORTH,
SURELY IT'S TO BE
EXPECTED?

EVEN
SO...EVEN
HERE...



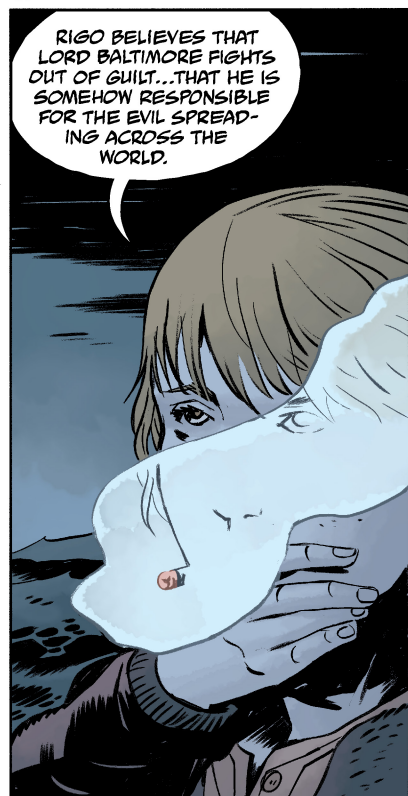
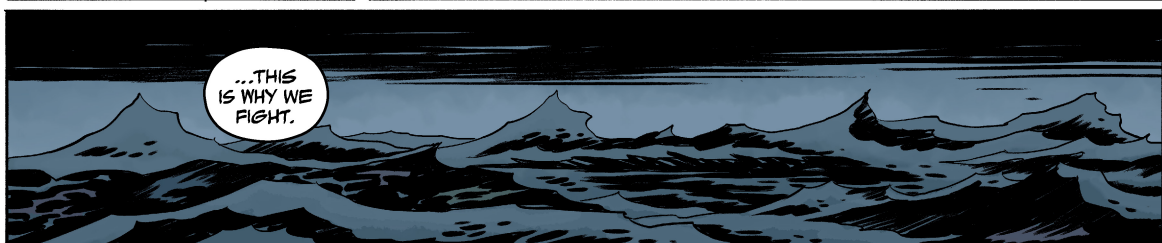
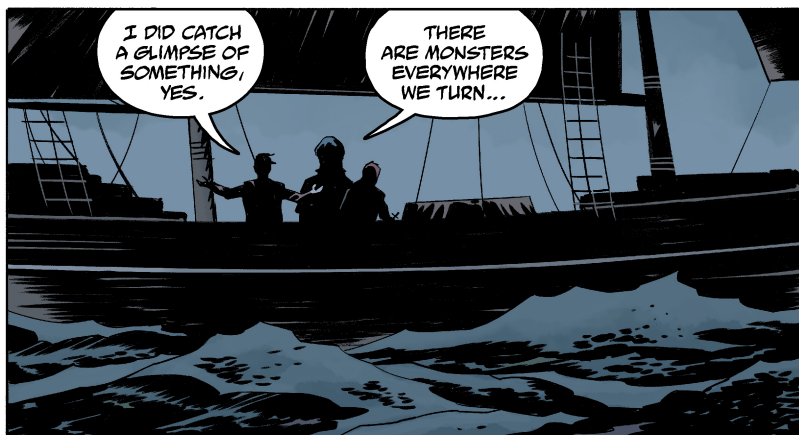
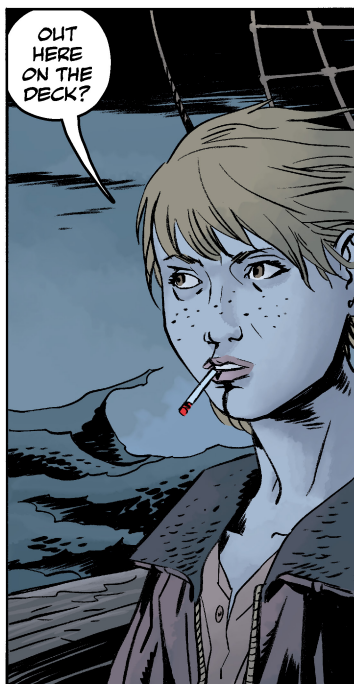
...FATHER,
HOLY ANGELS,
AND BLESSED
SAINTS, PROTECT
US NOW FROM
ALL EVILS--

JUDGE
RIGO?



WE'RE
SO SORRY TO
INTERRUPT--

I AM PRAYING FOR
OUR PROTECTION, MY
FRIENDS.

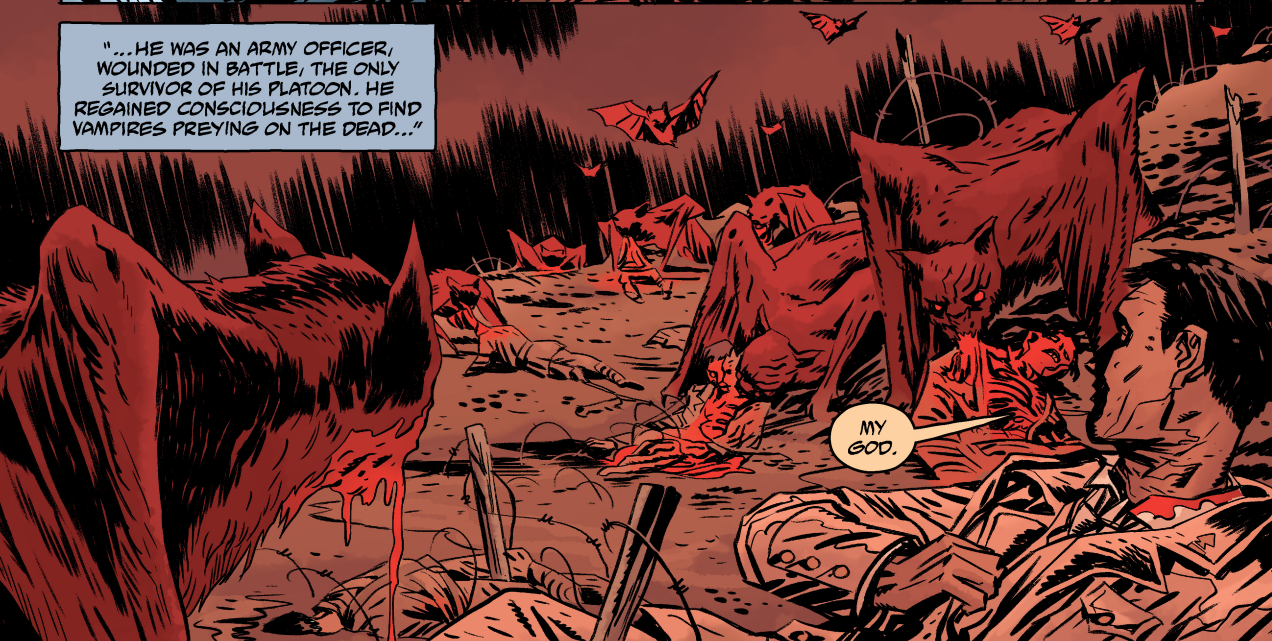


LORD BALTIMORE FIGHTS
BECAUSE THERE IS
NOTHING LEFT FOR HIM.
AS TO WHETHER HE IS
RESPONSIBLE... I THINK
HE MIGHT AGREE WITH
JUDGE RIGO...

"...HE WAS
THERE, YOU
SEE, AT
THE MOMENT
THE PLAGUE
BEGAN..."



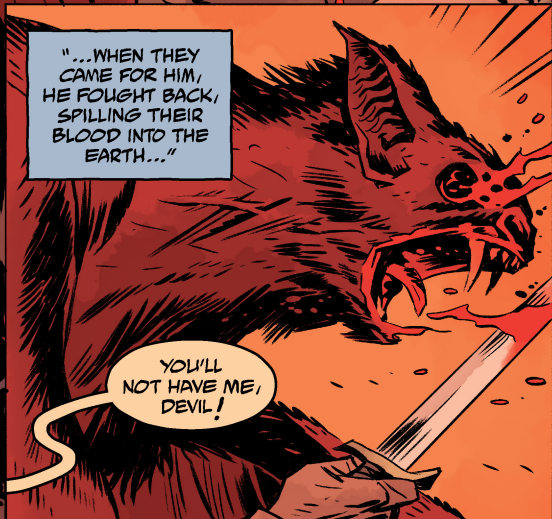
"...HE WAS AN ARMY OFFICER,
WOUNDED IN BATTLE, THE ONLY
SURVIVOR OF HIS PLATOON. HE
REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND
VAMPIRES PREYING ON THE DEAD..."



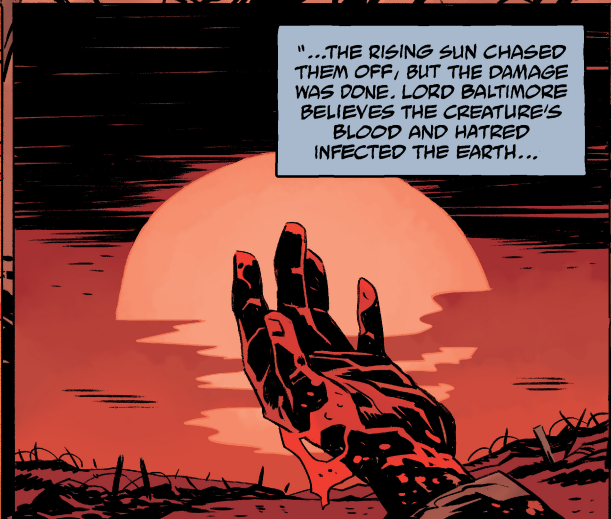
MY
GOD.

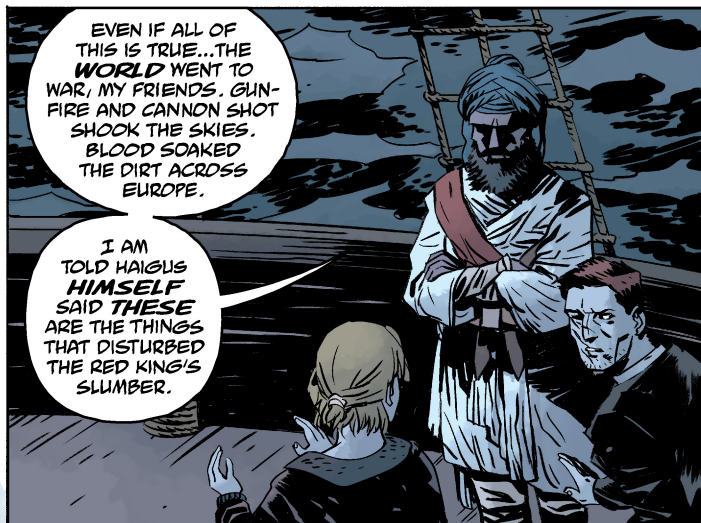
"...WHEN THEY
CAME FOR HIM,
HE FOUGHT BACK,
SPILLING THEIR
BLOOD INTO THE
EARTH..."

YOU'LL
NOT HAVE ME,
DEVIL!



"...THE RISING SUN CHASED
THEM OFF, BUT THE DAMAGE
WAS DONE. LORD BALTIMORE
BELIEVES THE CREATURE'S
BLOOD AND HATRED
INFECTED THE EARTH..."



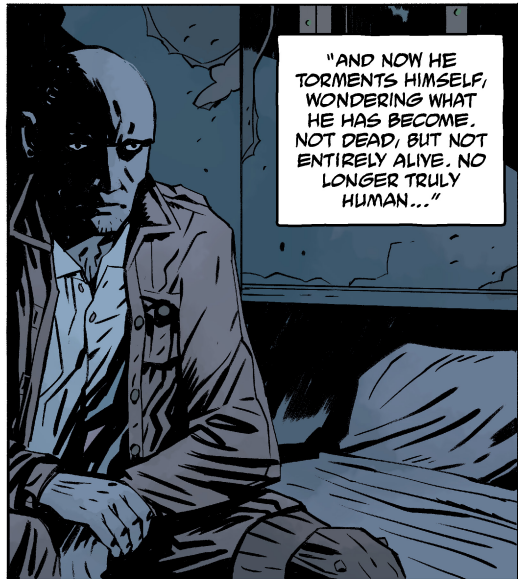




CHILDRESS
TOLD ME THAT
HAIGUS MURDERED
BALTIMORE'S ENTIRE
FAMILY. IF HE'D DIED
ON THE BATTLEFIELD,
THEY MIGHT STILL
BE ALIVE.

EVEN
IF HE COULD
ABSOLVE HIMSELF
OF ALL OTHER
GUILT...

...NO MAN
COULD FORGIVE
HIMSELF THAT...



"AND NOW HE
TORMENTS HIMSELF,
WONDERING WHAT
HE HAS BECOME.
NOT DEAD, BUT NOT
ENTIRELY ALIVE. NO
LONGER TRULY
HUMAN..."



...BUT DOES
THAT MAKE HIM A
MONSTER?

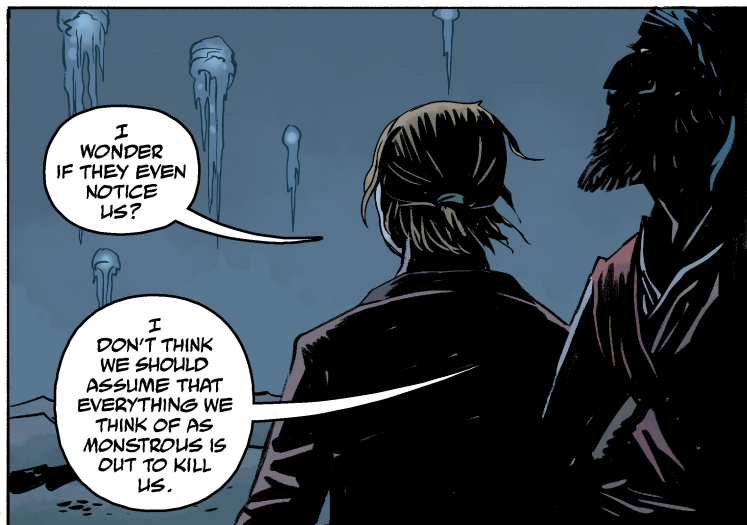
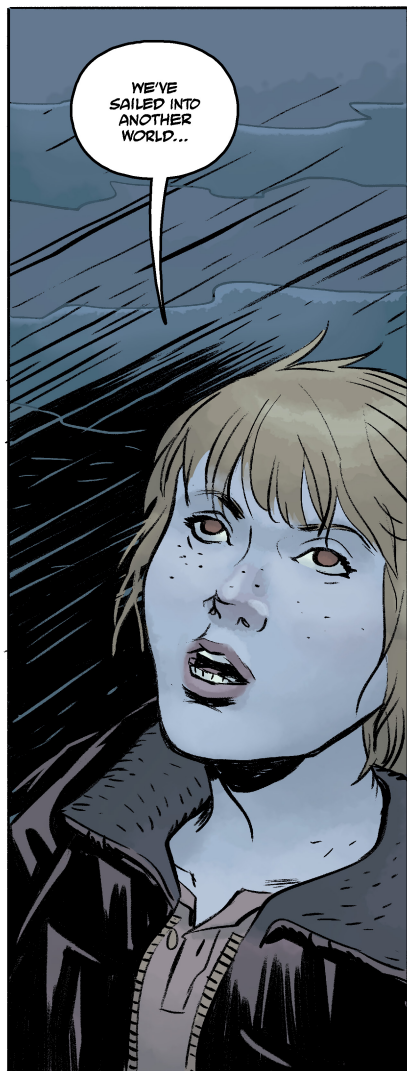
THE
QUESTION
HAUNTS HIM, OF
COURSE. IT'S
PLAIN TO SEE.
IN FACT...



"...I BELIEVE
IT HAUNTS HIM
MORE THAN
ANY OTHER."











KRSHH

**DROP
THE
SAILS!**

**CAPTAIN!
WHERE'S THE
CAPTAIN?**

KRRRRRKK

OHH!

**HOLD
ON TO SOME-
THING!**

AAAH!

KKRKKK



WHAT USE
ARE MY
PRAYERS
HERE?

AIEEE!



UP,
MAN! WE
MUST **HELP**
WHERE WE
CAN!

AND
AFTER **THAT**,
HARISH? WE'RE
MILES FROM
SHORE!



ONE
HORROR
AT A TIME,
MY DEAR.
PLEASE.

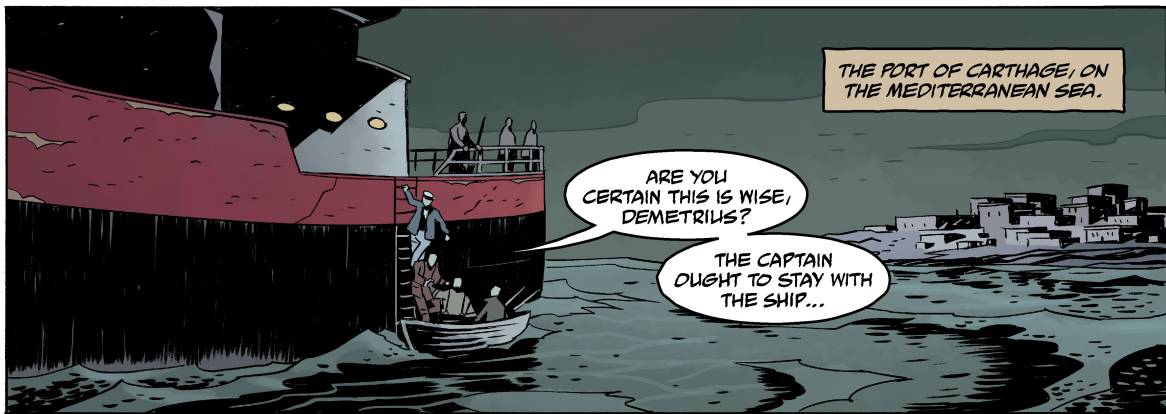


THRAK



HELP
WHOMEVER
YOU CAN. THEN
GATHER YOUR
THINGS. OUR
DESTINATION
LIES ACROSS
THE ICE.

SO WE
WALK.



THE PORT OF CARTHAGE, ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

ARE YOU CERTAIN THIS IS WISE, DEMETRIUS?

THE CAPTAIN OUGHT TO STAY WITH THE SHIP...



IF ONLY TO BE SURE IT WILL BE HERE WHEN WE RETURN.

I'M NOT LETTING YOU GO WITHOUT ME, DOCTOR. BUT DON'T WORRY...MY CREW WOULDN'T DREAM OF LEAVING **ME** BEHIND.



THIS DOES NOT BODE WELL.



IF THIS IS TRULY WHERE THE CULT OF THE RED KING BEGAN, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FOOLISH TO EXPECT IT TO BE UNTOUCHED BY RECENT EVENTS.

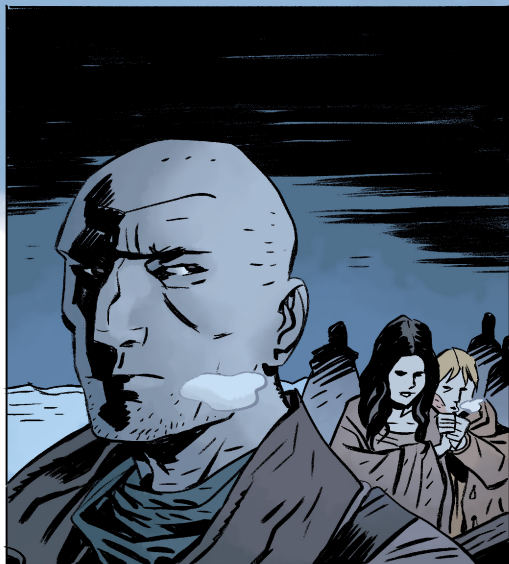
"UNTOUCHED"? WHATEVER'S BEEN HERE, IT DID MORE THAN **TOUCH** THESE PEOPLE.

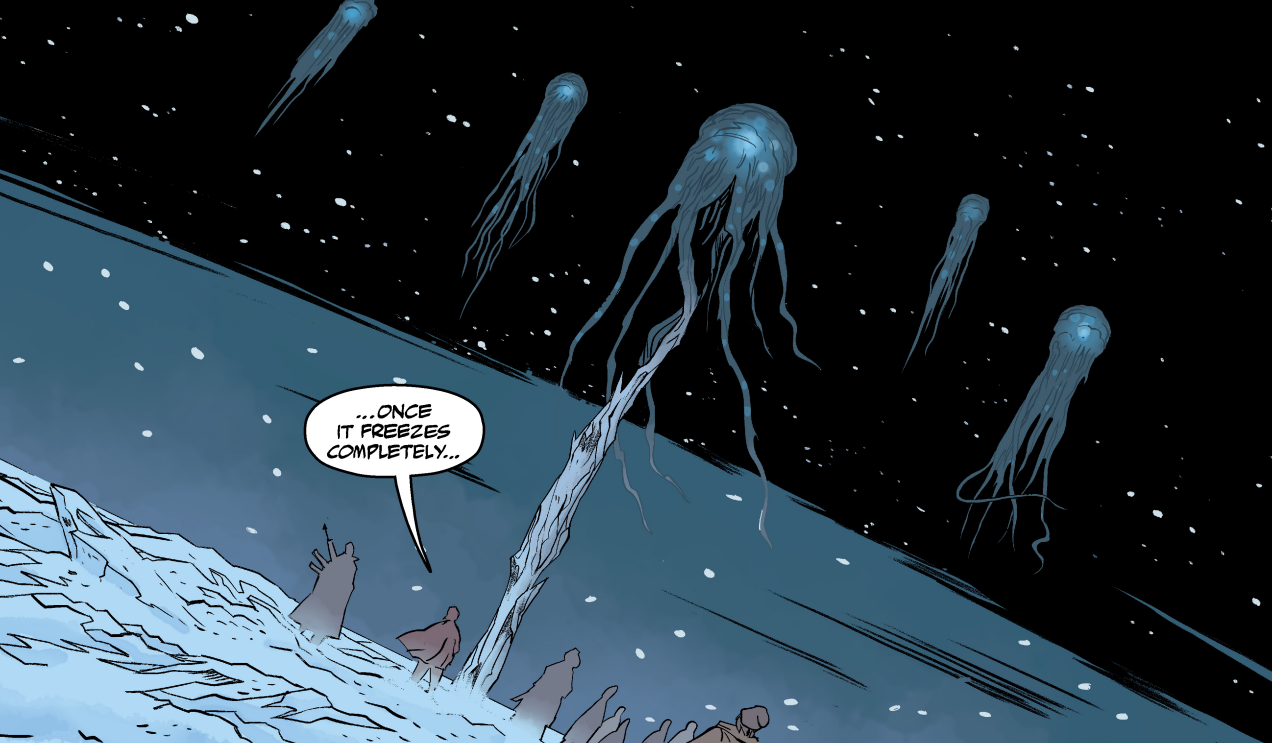


WHAT PEOPLE?

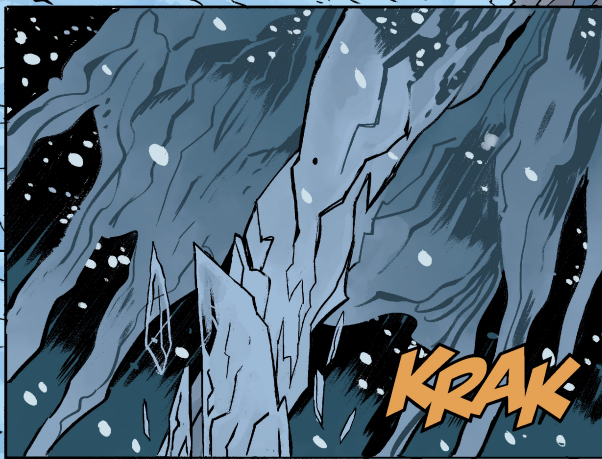
EXACTLY.

THE
BALTIC
SEA.





...ONCE
IT FREEZES
COMPLETELY...

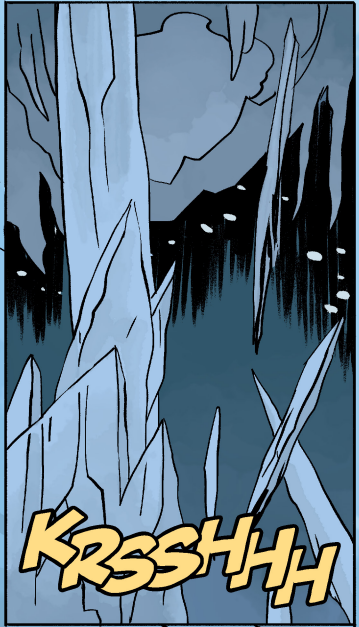


KRAK

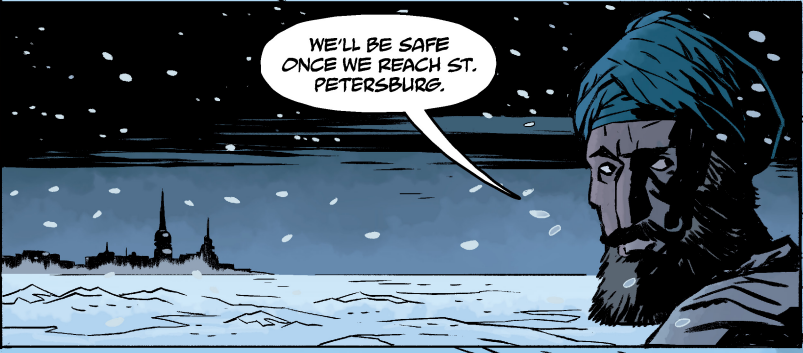


**HURRY,
YOU FOOLS--
BEFORE IT COMES
DOWN ON YOUR
HEADS!**

**KEEP
MOVING!
NOT FAR
NOW!**



KRSSH HH



WE'LL BE SAFE
ONCE WE REACH ST.
PETERSBURG.



CHAPTER TWO



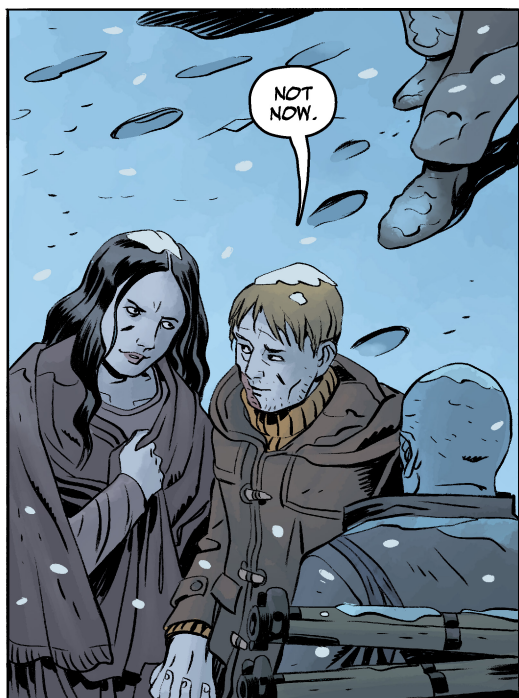
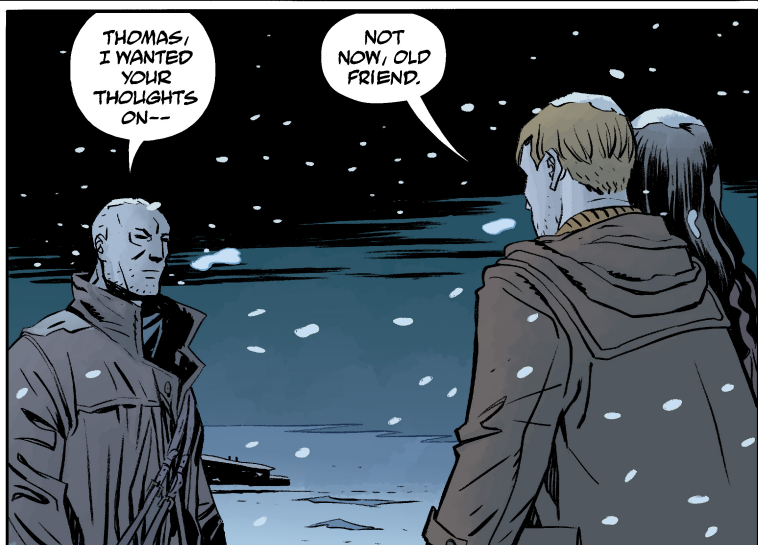
THE BALTIC
SEA. THE GULF
OF FINLAND...

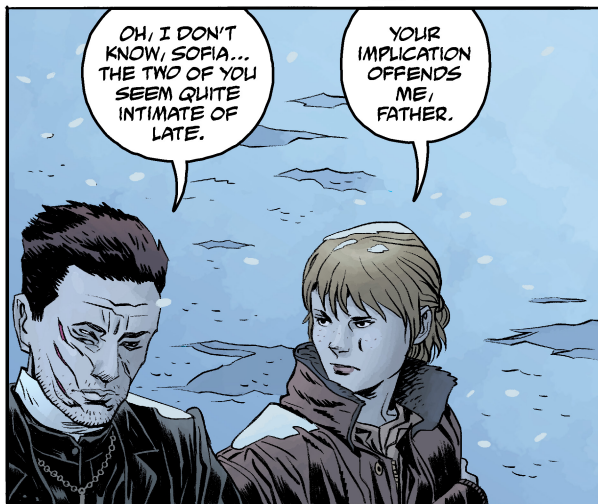
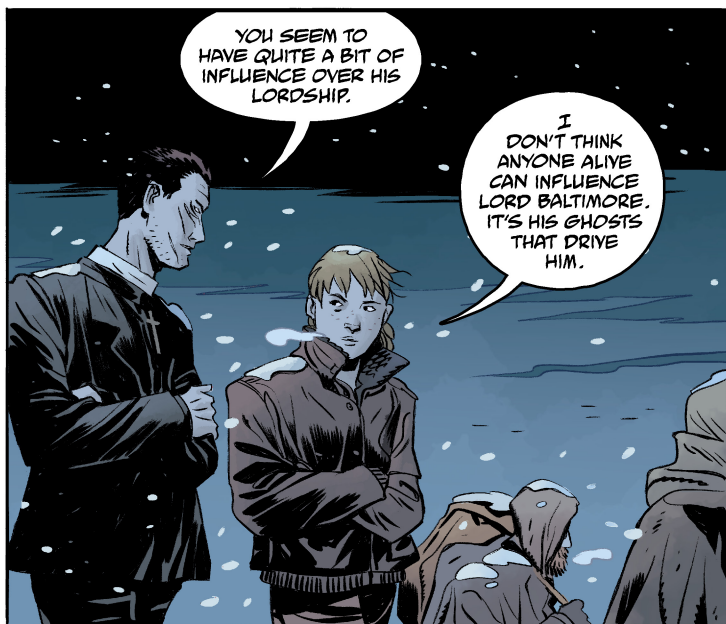
...JUST OFF THE
COAST OF ST.
PETERSBURG.

I'M CONCERNED
ABOUT HIM.

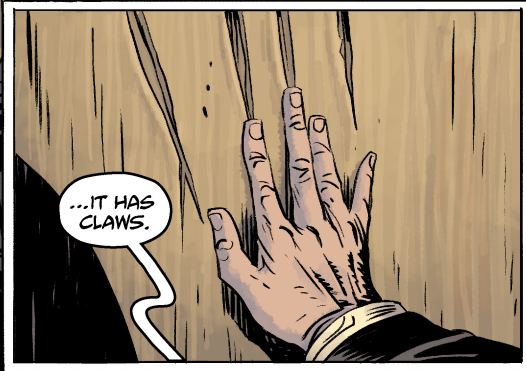
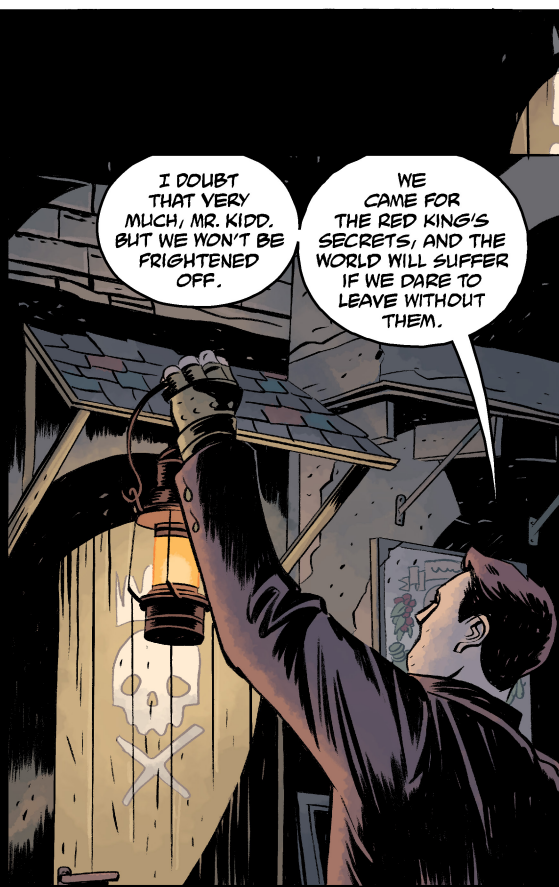
YOU MEAN
CHILDRRESS, I
ASSUME.

I DO.
HE DOESN'T
LOOK WELL
AND HE'S NOT
ACTING LIKE
HIMSELF. I
DON'T TRUST
THIS WOMAN...
ZOYA.















SON OF
A BITCH.

DEFEND
YOURSELVES, MY
FRIENDS!



AGAINST
THAT?
DON'T BE
DAFT!



HODGE!



LEAVE
OFF, DEMON!



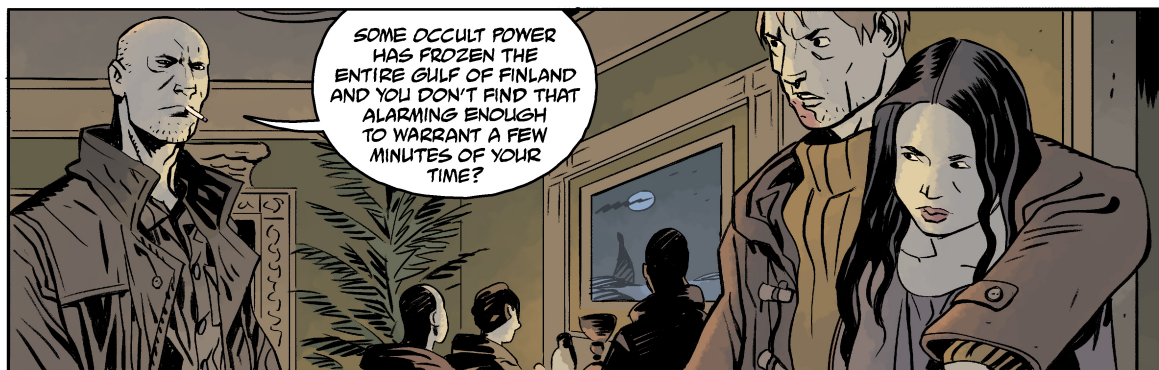
DAMN IT,
ONE OF
YOU HELP
ME!

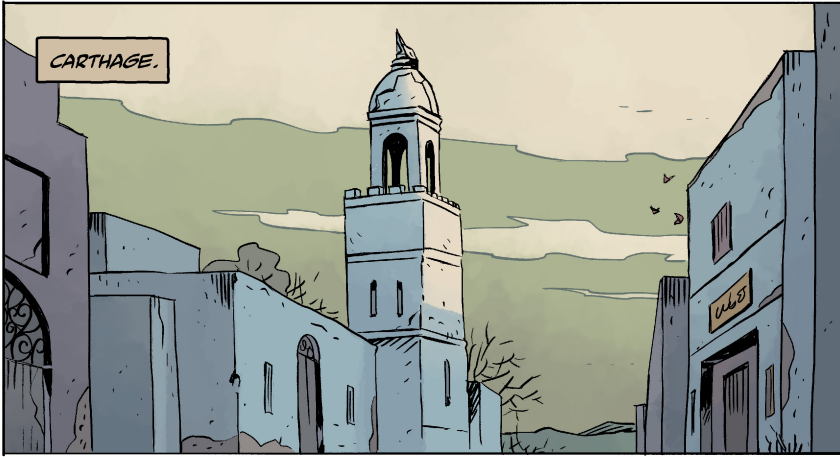




...I WONDER.







THEY'VE GONE. BEST WE DO LIKEWISE BEFORE NIGHTFALL.

NOT UNTIL WE'VE FOUND WHAT WE CAME FOR. THERE'S TOO MUCH AT STAKE.



I'VE GOT TO LOOK AFTER SIMON, BUT THE TWO OF YOU MUST GO AND SEARCH THE RUINS.



I UNDERSTAND HOW IMPORTANT THIS IS. IF THIS IS REALLY WHERE THE WORSHIP OF THE RED KING STARTED--

NOT TO WORRY, MR. KIDD. THE MOMENT WE FIND WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR...



"...MY SHIP IS WAITING."



NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT FOR THE MELT.

AND IF THERE'S NO MELT?

THEN I SUPPOSE WE'LL LIVE AS LONG AS ANYONE ELSE IN THIS CITY.



AS SOON AS CHILDRESS MAKES HIS APPEARANCE, WE'LL SEEK OUT THIS FATHER STANISLAS. THE LETTER HE SENT WAS A HASTY SCRAWL, BUT THE ADDRESS WAS CLEAR ENOUGH.

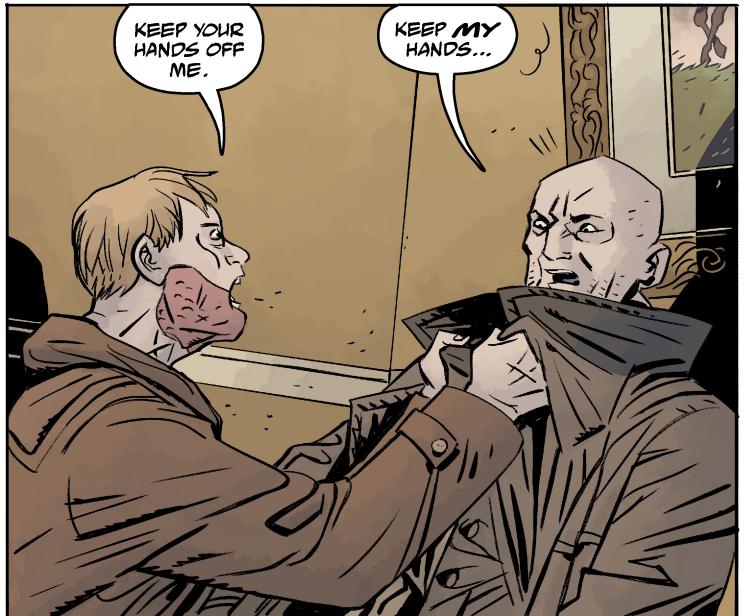
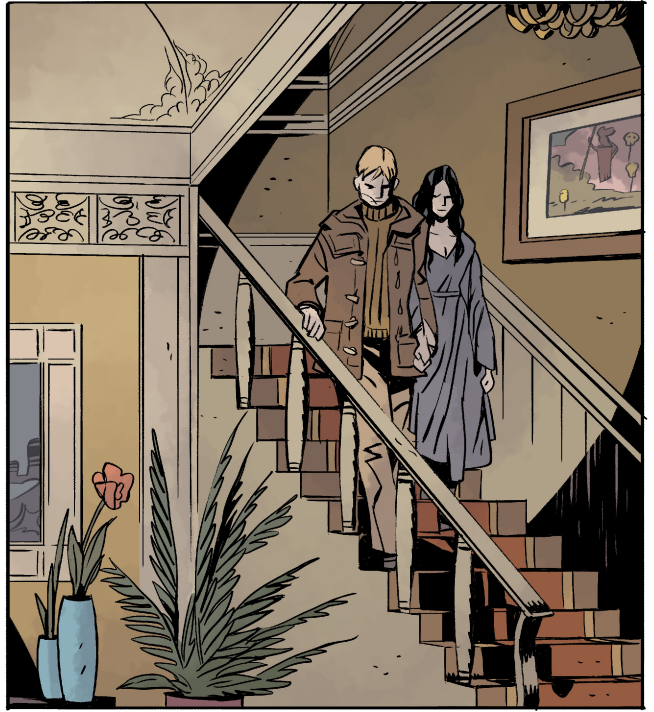


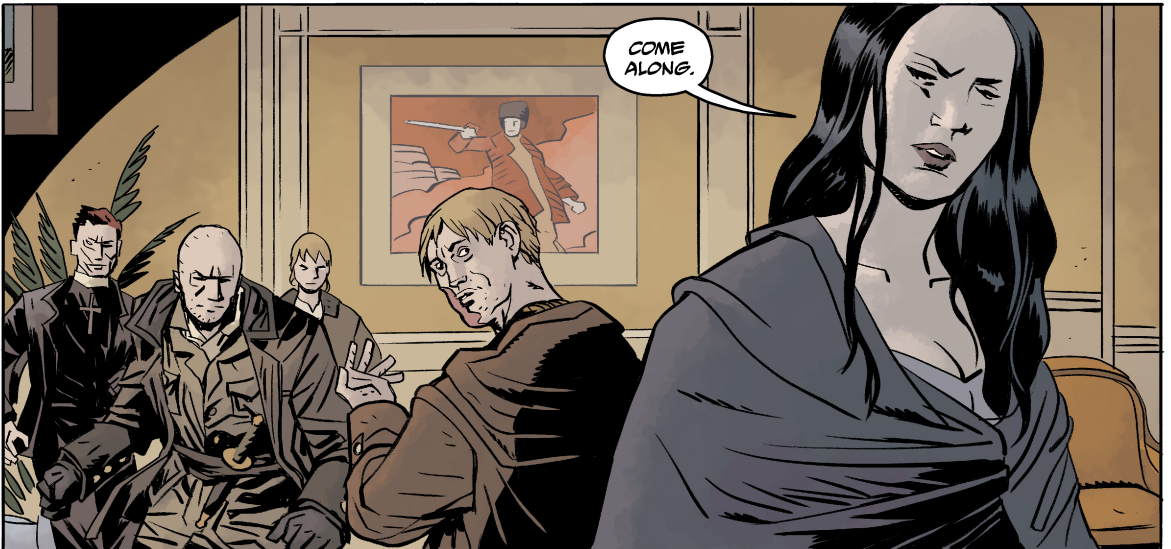
IF THERE ARE HALF THAT MANY WITCHES IN ST. PETERSBURG, AND WORSHIPING THE RED KING AS HIS LETTER CLAIMS--

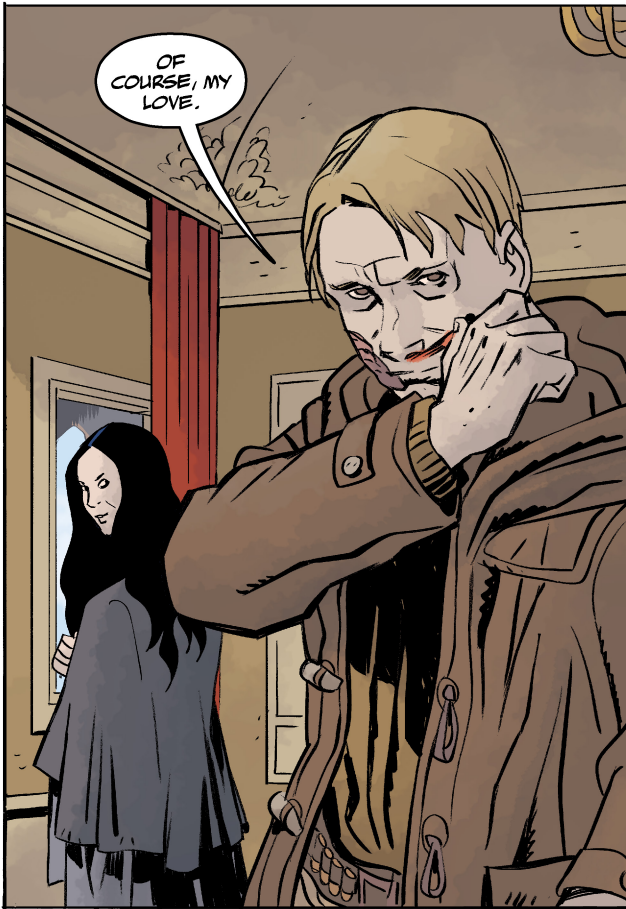


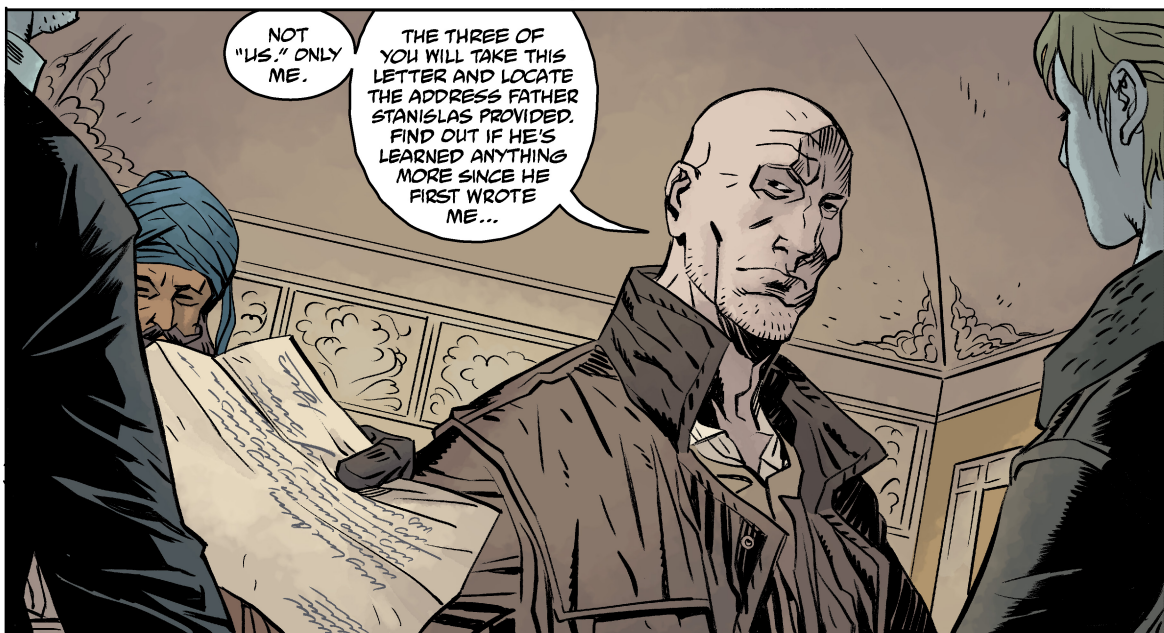
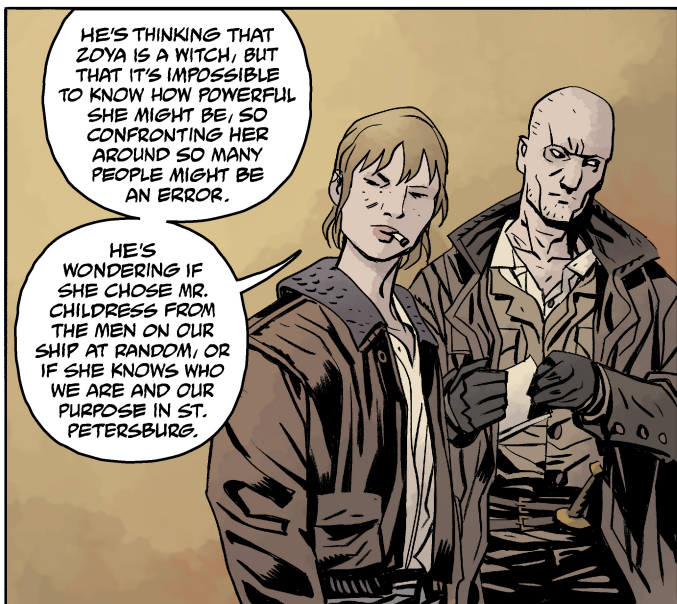
WHAT ELSE COULD BE AT WORK HERE BUT WITCHCRAFT? THE ICE WILL KEEP THE PEOPLE ISOLATED, COMPLETELY AT THE MERCY OF WHOEVER'S BEHIND IT.

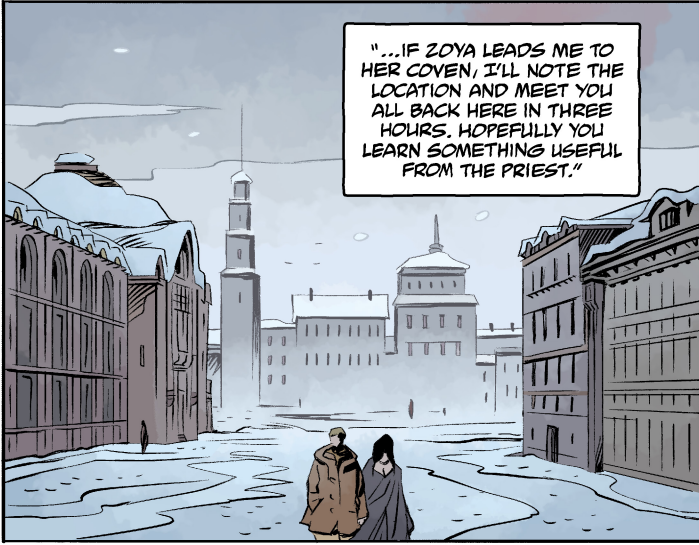
THEN IT SEEMS WE'VE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME.

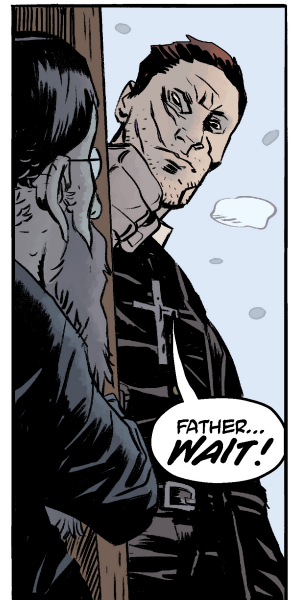
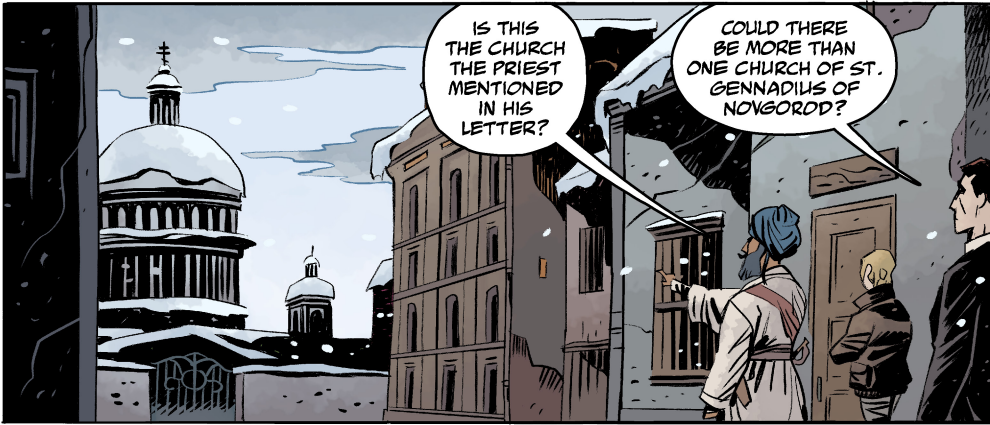
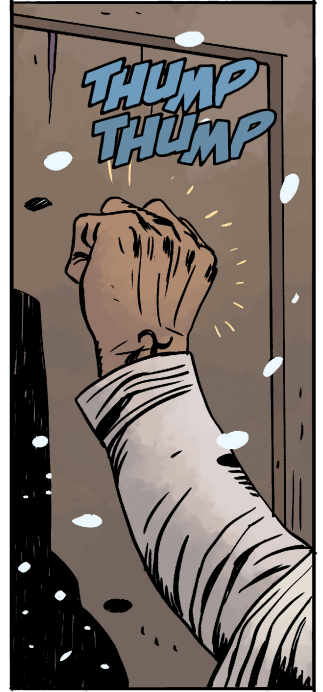
















CHAPTER THREE



CARTHAGE.

IT DOES THEM NO GOOD, MR. MARCHAND... STANDING HERE KEEPING WATCH.

IF THERE'S TROUBLE ASHORE, YOU'D NEVER GET THERE IN TIME TO HELP THEM.

WE'VE COME SEEKING THE SECRETS OF THE FATHER OF ALL MONSTERS. OF COURSE THERE WILL BE TROUBLE.

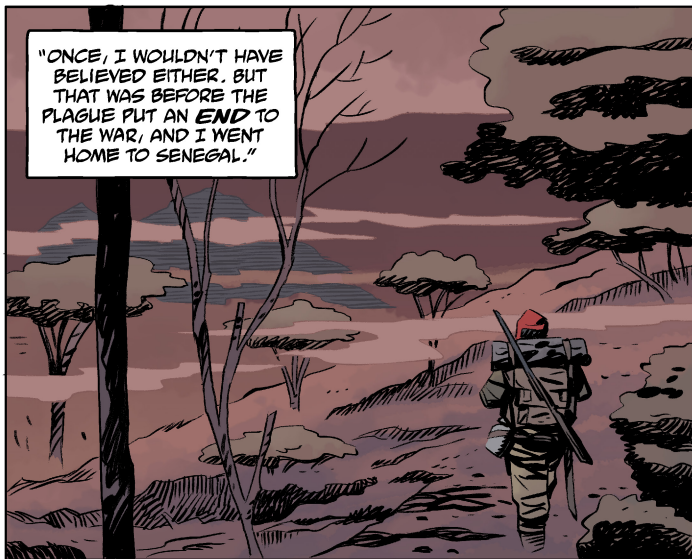
YOU REALLY BELIEVE ALL THAT? THE **VAMPIRES** ARE PART OF THE PLAGUE. BUT THIS **RED KING** THAT CAPTAIN AISCHROS TALKS ABOUT...

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE THE STORIES, I'D CALL YOU A LUCKY MAN...

"...IT MEANS YOU DON'T HAVE ONE OF YOUR OWN..."



"ONCE, I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED EITHER. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE PLAGUE PUT AN **END** TO THE WAR, AND I WENT HOME TO SENEGAL."



CLIPCLOP CLIPCLOP CLIPCLOP CLIPCLOP





《TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH》

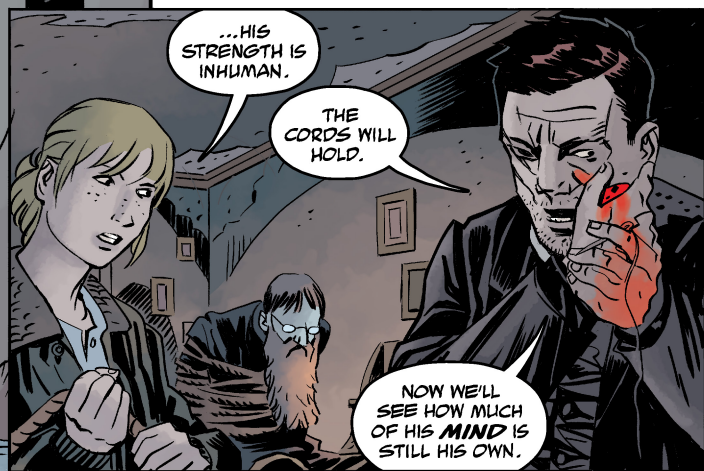








I DON'T KNOW, RIGO...



...HIS STRENGTH IS INHUMAN.

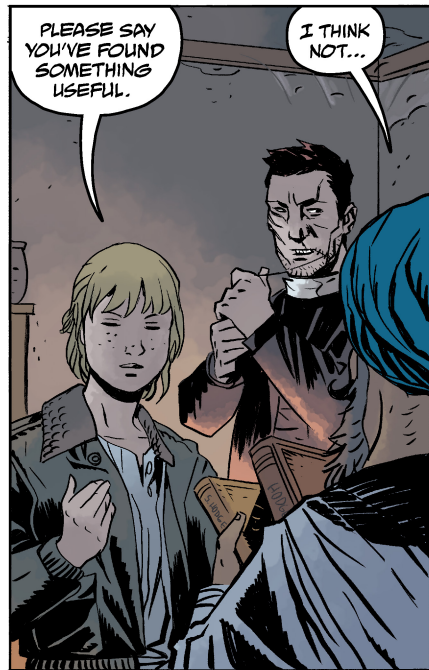
THE CORDS WILL HOLD.

NOW WE'LL SEE HOW MUCH OF HIS **MIND** IS STILL HIS OWN.



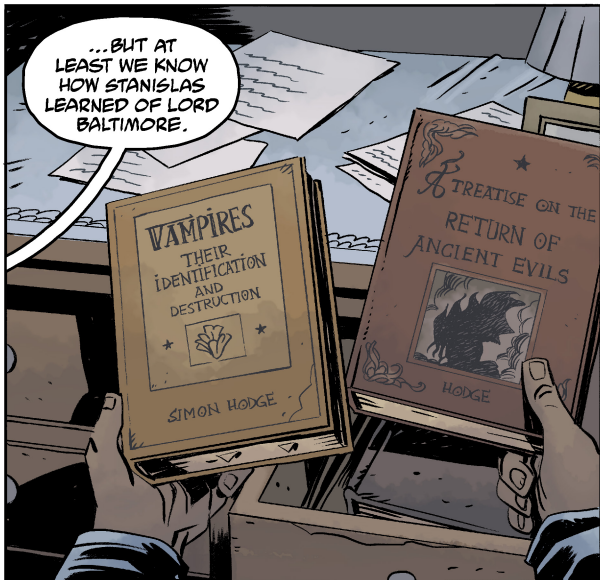
IN HIS LETTER, FATHER STANISLAS WROTE THAT HE FEARED THE LOCAL WITCH COVEN. MY GUESS IS THAT HE GREW IMPATIENT WAITING FOR HELP...

...AND FACED THEM ON HIS OWN. WHATEVER HE **LEARNED**, HE'LL BE NO HELP TO US NOW.

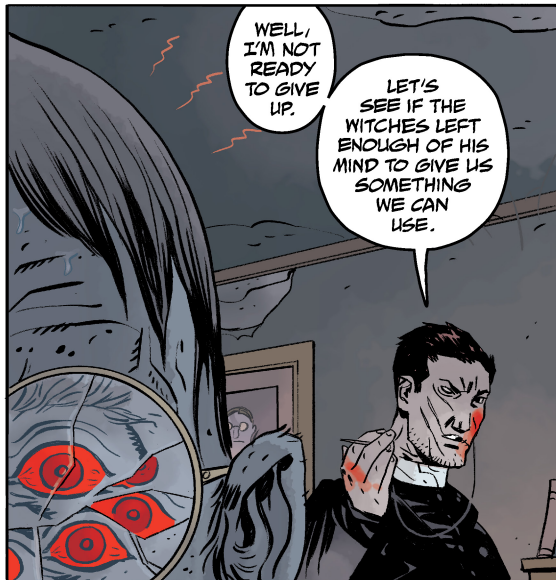


PLEASE SAY YOU'VE FOUND SOMETHING USEFUL.

I THINK NOT...

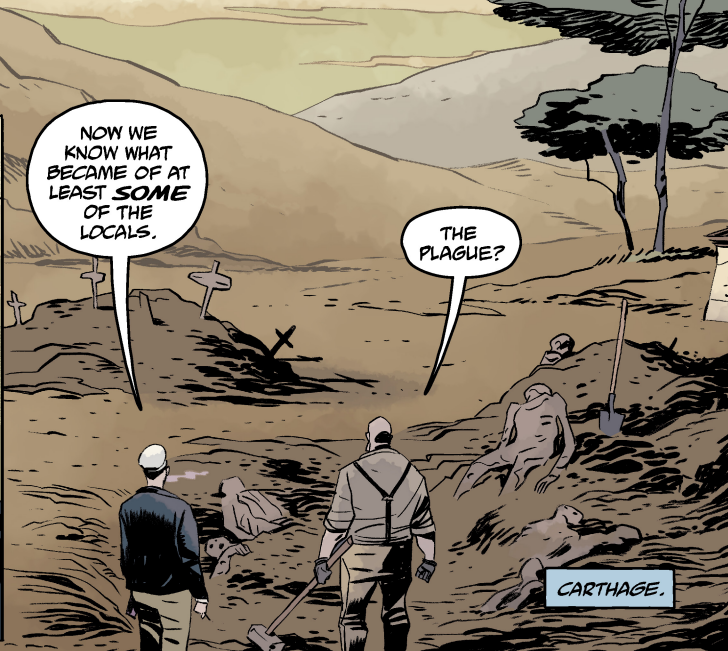


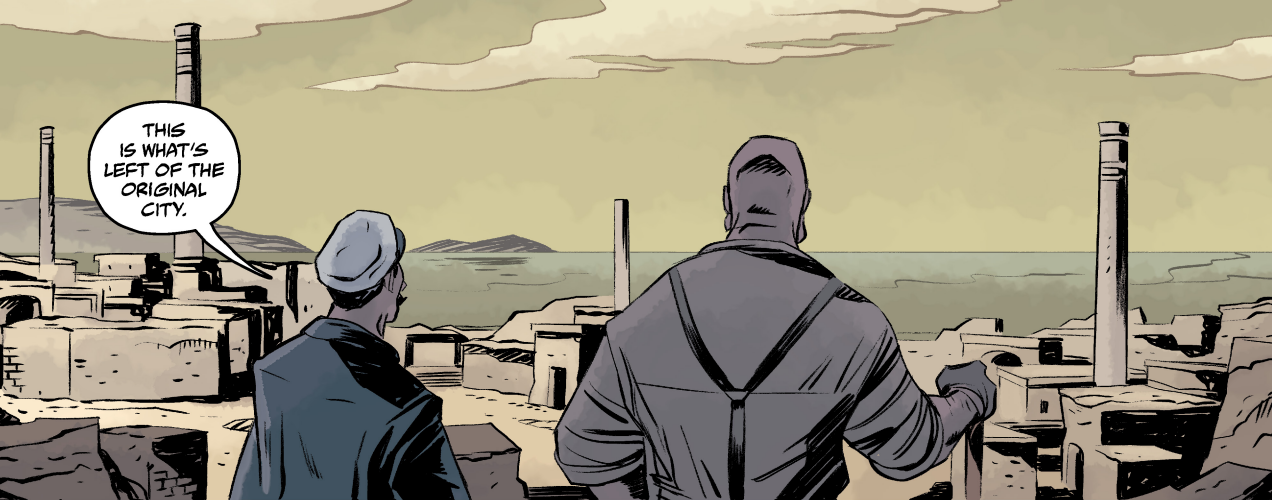
...BUT AT LEAST WE KNOW HOW STANISLAS LEARNED OF LORD BALTIMORE.



WELL, I'M NOT READY TO GIVE UP.

LET'S SEE IF THE WITCHES LEFT ENOUGH OF HIS MIND TO GIVE US SOMETHING WE CAN USE.



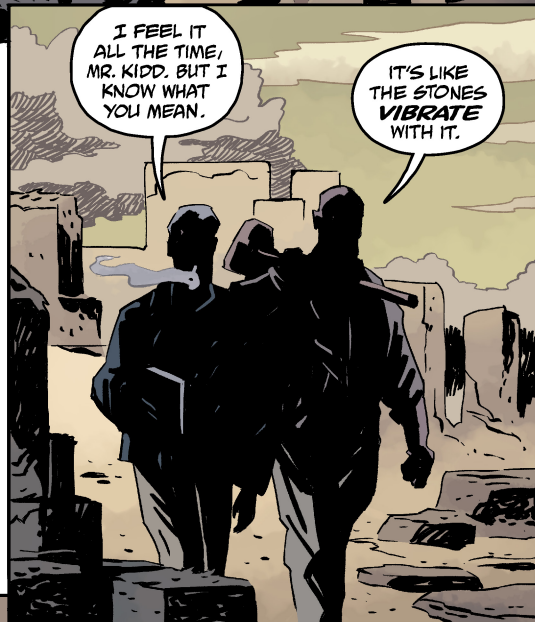


THIS IS WHAT'S LEFT OF THE ORIGINAL CITY.



NOW IF WE CAN MAKE SENSE ENOUGH OF MR. HODGE'S NOTES TO FIND THE ALTAR...

SO MUCH EVIL HERE. CAN YOU FEEL IT?

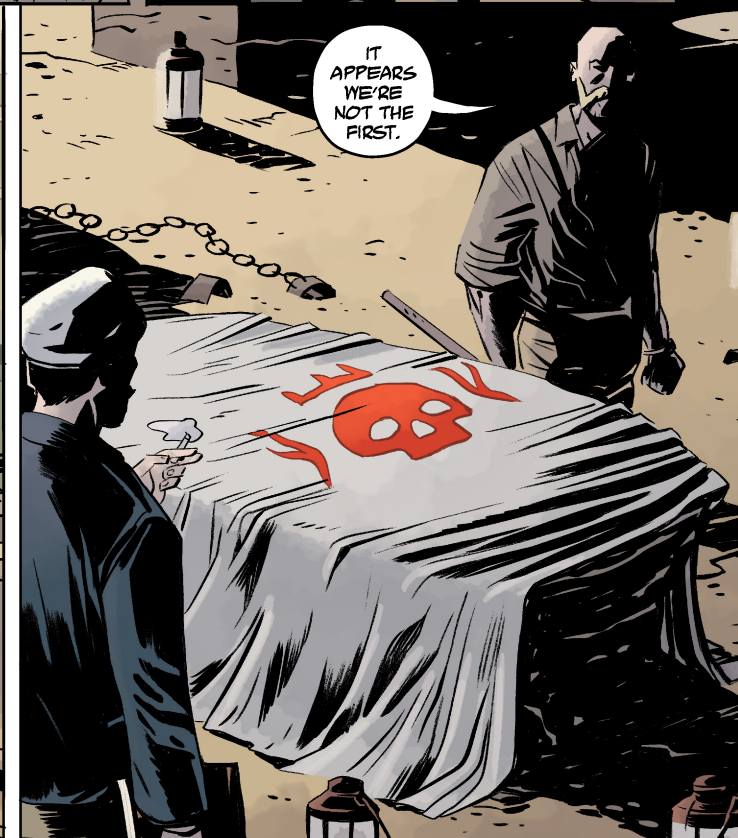


I FEEL IT ALL THE TIME, MR. KIDD. BUT I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.

IT'S LIKE THE STONES **VIBRATE** WITH IT.



IF THE DIAGRAM HODGE MADE IS ACCURATE, AND I'VE COUNTED CORRECTLY, WE'VE FOUND WHAT WE'RE SEARCHING FOR.



IT APPEARS WE'RE NOT THE FIRST.

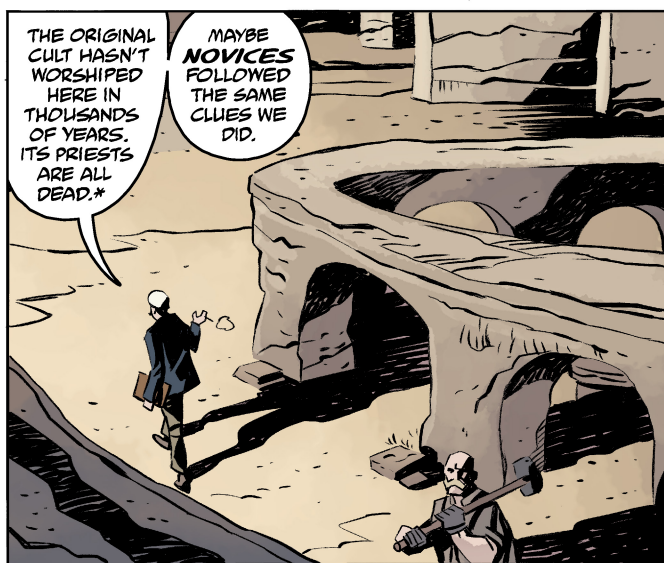


THIS BLOOD IS A DAY OLD OR LESS. LOOKS LIKE THE **CULT OF THE RED KING** HAS RETURNED.



I'M NOT SO SURE.

WHAT?



THE ORIGINAL CULT HASN'T WORSHIPED HERE IN THOUSANDS OF YEARS. ITS PRIESTS ARE ALL DEAD.*

MAYBE **NOVICES** FOLLOWED THE SAME CLUES WE DID.



OR PERHAPS NOT THE **EXACT** SAME CLUES.

IF THEY HAD, THEY'D HAVE FOUND THE SAME REFERENCES HODGE TRANSLATED, WHICH MADE IT CLEAR THE RED KING'S TEMPLE WAS **SUBTERRANEAN**.



OUT OF THE WAY, PLEASE, CAPTAIN AISCHROS.

*THE ORIGINAL VAMPIRES. SEE **BALTIMORE: THE INFERNAL TRAIN**.



THE **AMATEURS** PERFORMING THEIR RITUALS UPSTAIRS PRAY IN THE WRONG PLACE.

YES, WELL... THEY'RE SURE TO FIND THIS CHAMBER NOW. LET'S NOT WASTE TIME.



CAN'T MAKE HEADS OR TAILS OF THIS. CUNEIFORM?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT. SEARCH FOR ANYTHING WE MIGHT BRING BACK TO HODGE AND DR. ROSE. I'LL COPY AS MUCH OF THIS AS I CAN.

IF THERE ARE SECRETS TO LEARN ABOUT THE RED KING ANYWHERE ON EARTH, IT'S HERE.

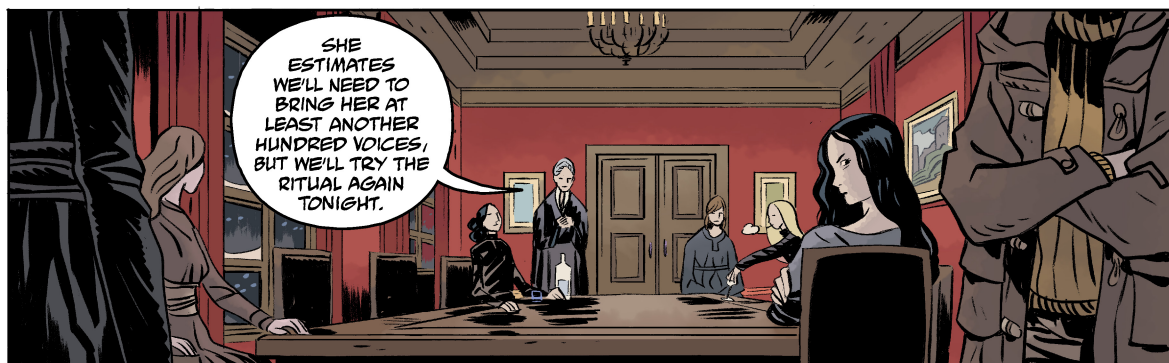


ST. PETERSBURG.

HIS
INFLUENCE
GROWS. THE
CITY IS STAINED
WITH HIS
DARKNESS.



THE
MISTRESS
ASSURES ME THAT
THIS IS DUE TO OUR
EFFORTS. HE WILL BE
GRATEFUL WHEN HE
RISES TO GREET
US...

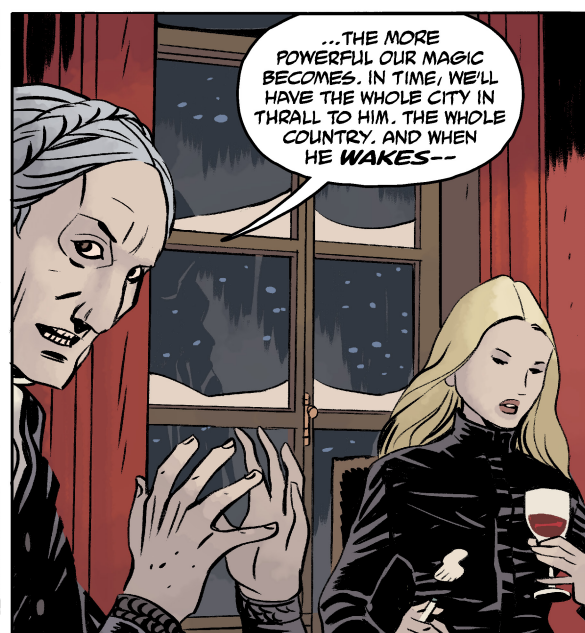


SHE
ESTIMATES
WE'LL NEED TO
BRING HER AT
LEAST ANOTHER
HUNDRED VOICES,
BUT WE'LL TRY THE
RITUAL AGAIN
TONIGHT.

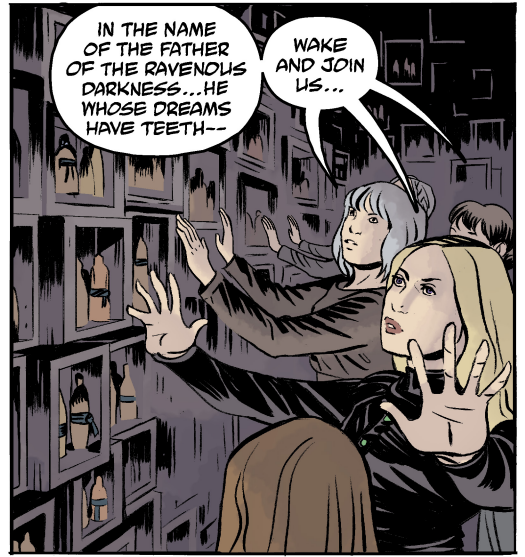
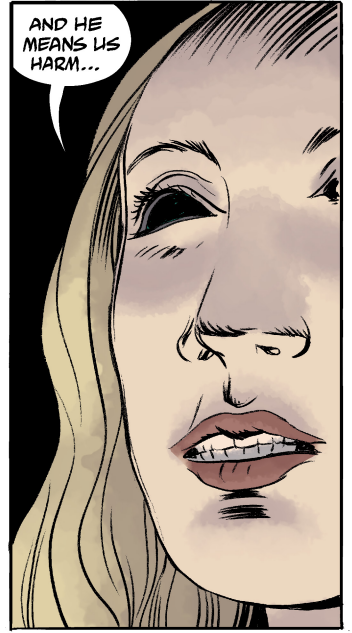
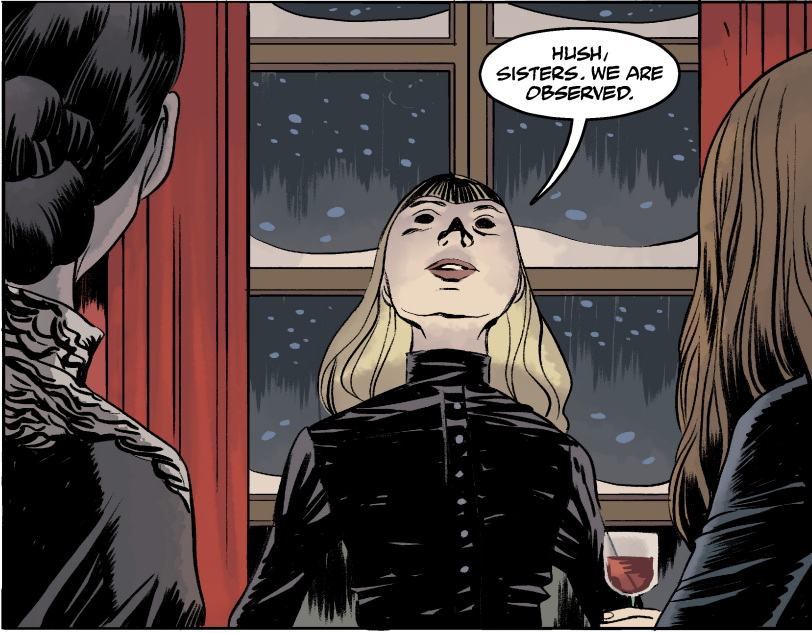


IF WE NEED
A HUNDRED
VOICES BEFORE
HE'LL **NOTICE**
US, I DON'T
SEE THE
POINT.

HE MUST **FEEL**
US. HE GROWS MORE
POWERFUL WITH EVERY
WHISPER OF HIS NAME.
THE MORE POWERFUL
HE GROWS...



...THE MORE
POWERFUL OUR MAGIC
BECOMES. IN TIME, WE'LL
HAVE THE WHOLE CITY IN
THRALL TO HIM. THE WHOLE
COUNTRY. AND WHEN
HE **WAKES**--







YOU DON'T... UNDERSTAND...

SHE'S HERE WITH ME...



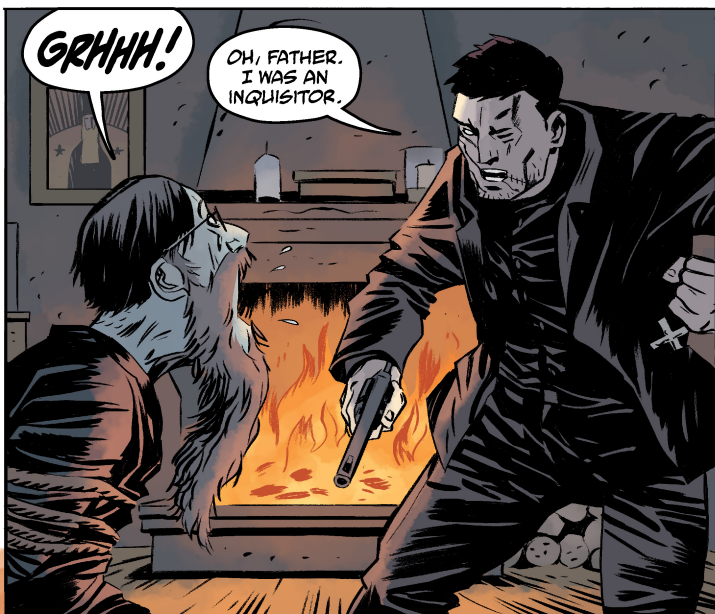
...HERE INSIDE.

I DO UNDERSTAND. I KNOW TEMPTATION, AND I'VE BEEN IN THE PRESENCE OF EVIL.



TELL US WHERE TO FIND HER, FATHER.

I... I WANT TO...



GRHHH!

OH, FATHER. I WAS AN INQUISITOR.



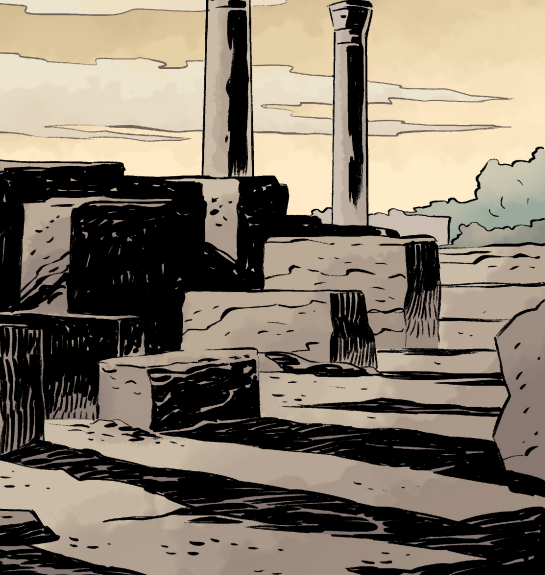
I TORTURED DEMONS OUT OF HUMAN FLESH A HUNDRED TIMES. IF YOU WANT TO GIVE ME FALSE HOPE--

KRAK



--YOU'LL HAVE TO BE A BETTER ACTOR THAN THAT.



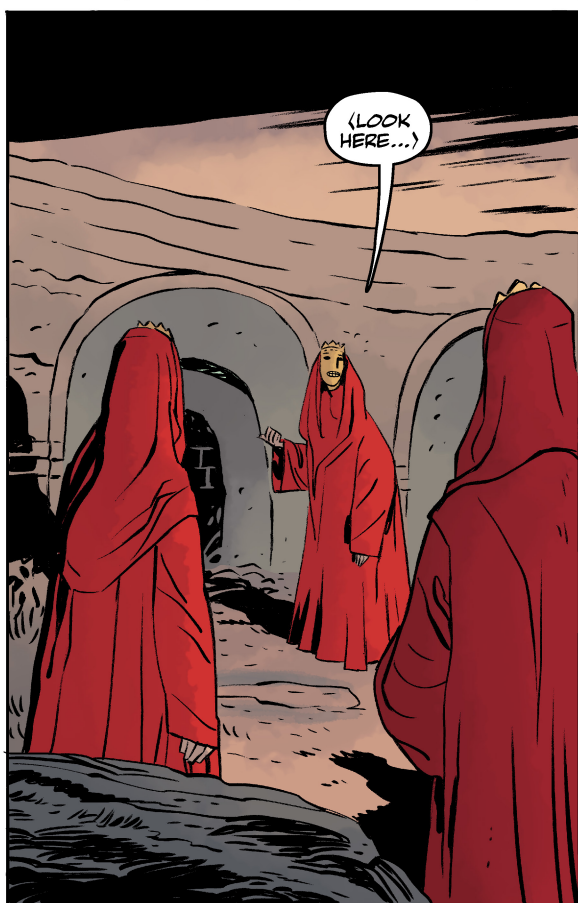
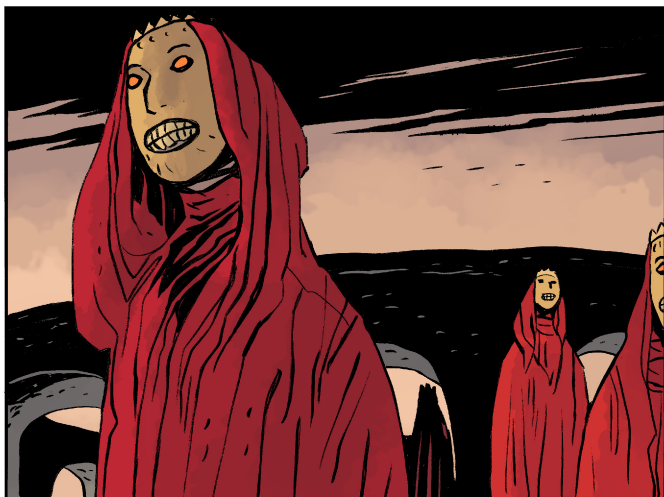


CAPTAIN!

WE CAN
COME BACK
TOMORROW,
BUT THE
WRAITHS--

I KNOW,
MR. KIDD. TRUST
ME, I DON'T WANT
TO BE CAUGHT ON
THE STREETS OF
CARTHAGE AFTER
SUNDOWN ANY
MORE THAN
YOU DO.



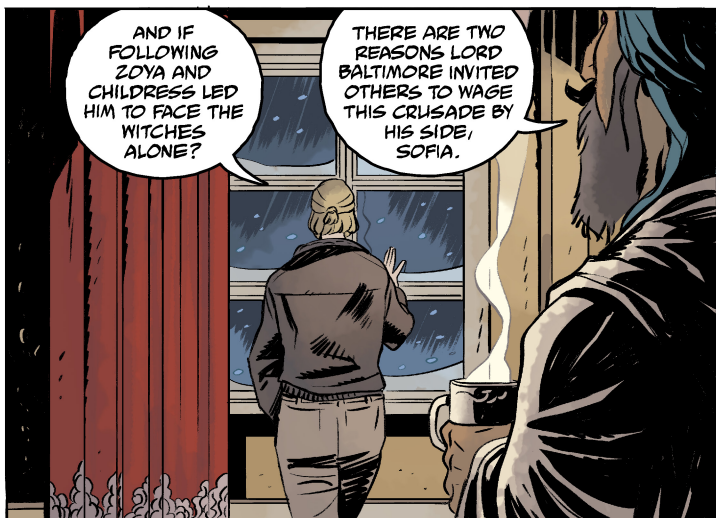






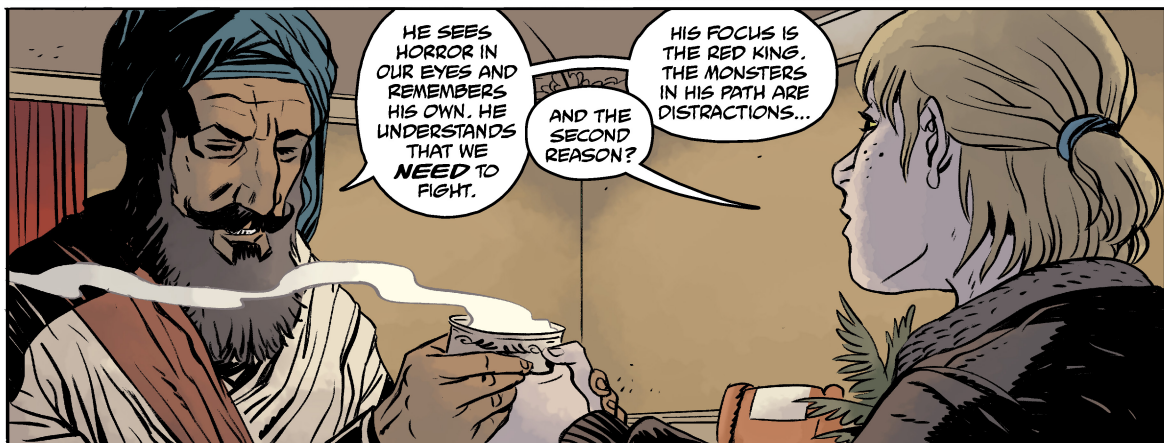
ST. PETERSBURG.

DON'T WORRY, SOFIA. HE'LL BE BACK.



AND IF FOLLOWING ZOYA AND CHILDRESS LED HIM TO FACE THE WITCHES ALONE?

THERE ARE TWO REASONS LORD BALTIMORE INVITED OTHERS TO WAGE THIS CRUSADE BY HIS SIDE, SOFIA.



HE SEES HORROR IN OUR EYES AND REMEMBERS HIS OWN. HE UNDERSTANDS THAT WE **NEED** TO FIGHT.

AND THE SECOND REASON?

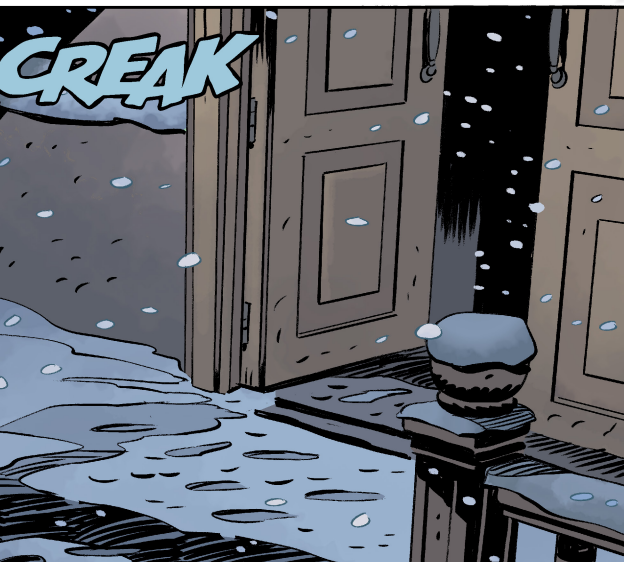
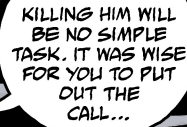
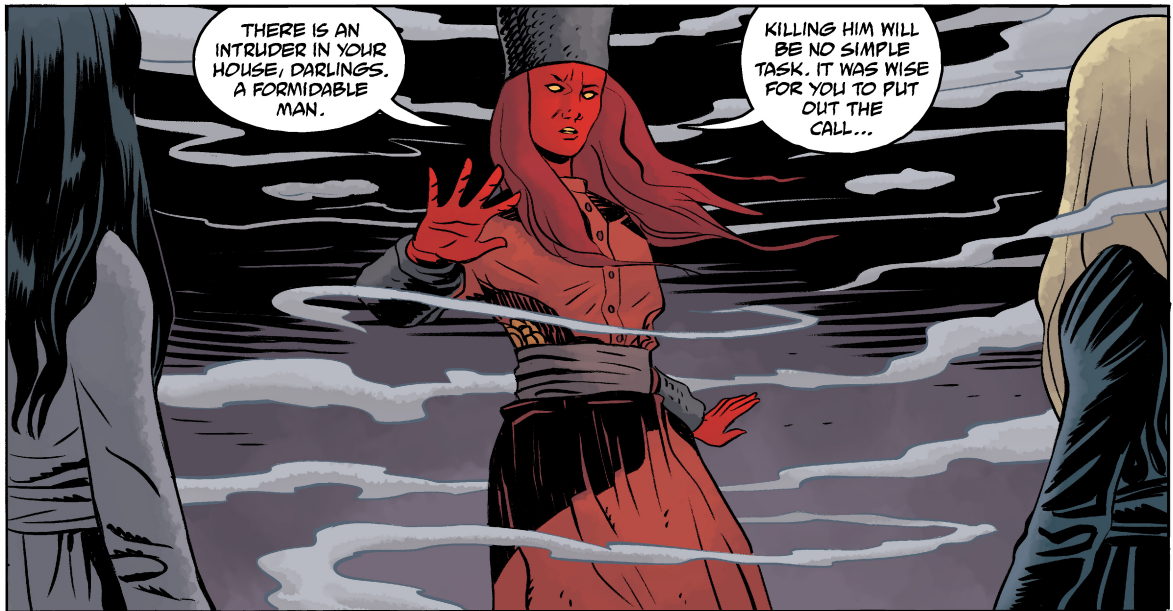
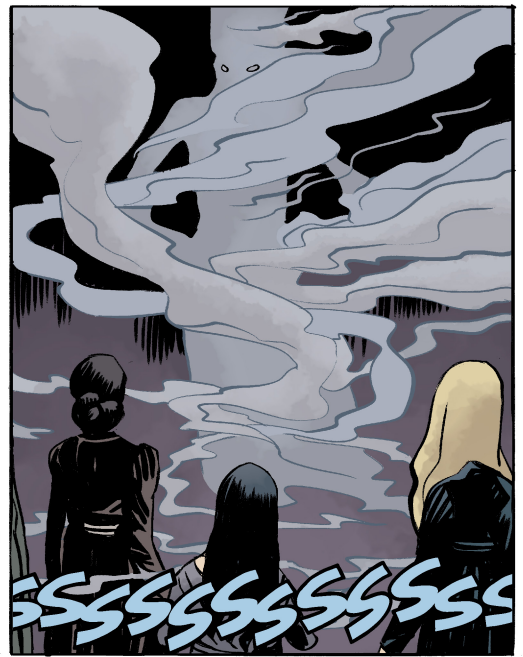
HIS FOCUS IS THE RED KING. THE MONSTERS IN HIS PATH ARE DISTRACTIONS...

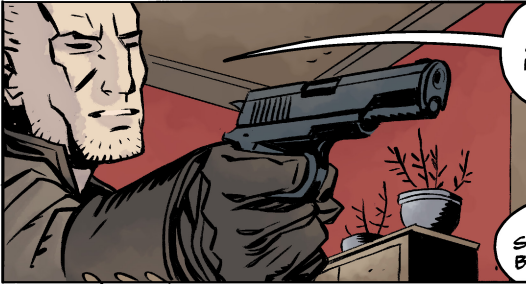


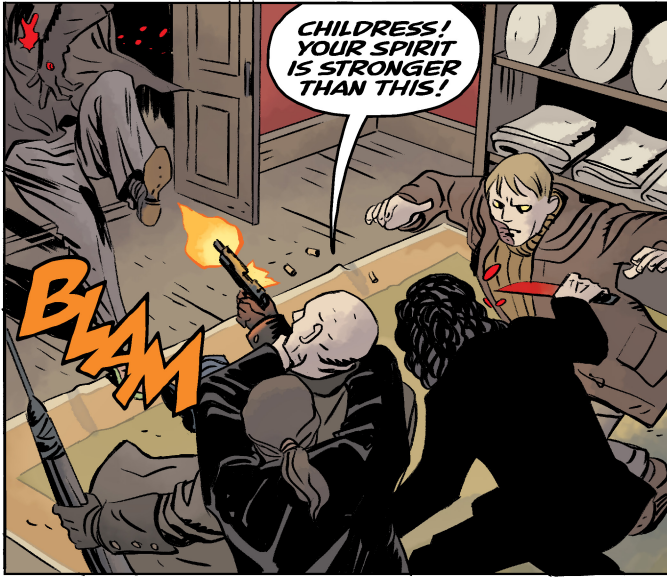
"...WE'RE HERE TO DEAL WITH THE DISTRACTIONS.



"HE'LL BE FINE ON HIS OWN..."

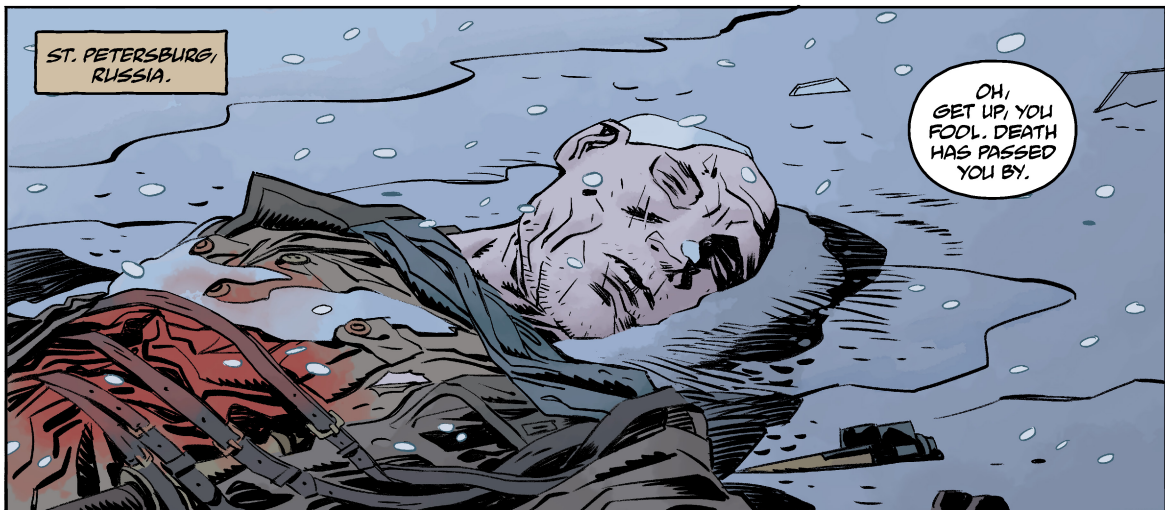






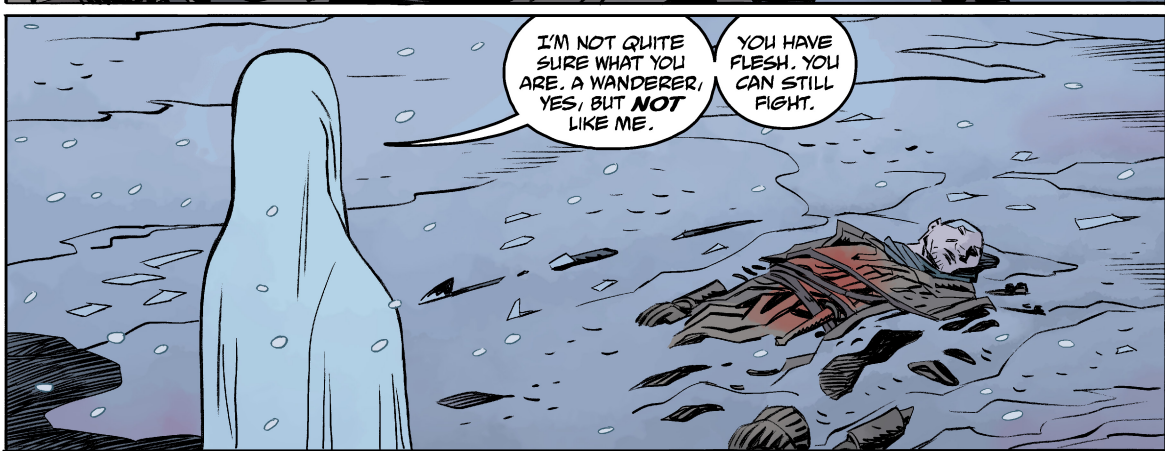
CHAPTER FOUR





ST. PETERSBURG,
RUSSIA.

OH,
GET UP, YOU
FOOL. DEATH
HAS PASSED
YOU BY.

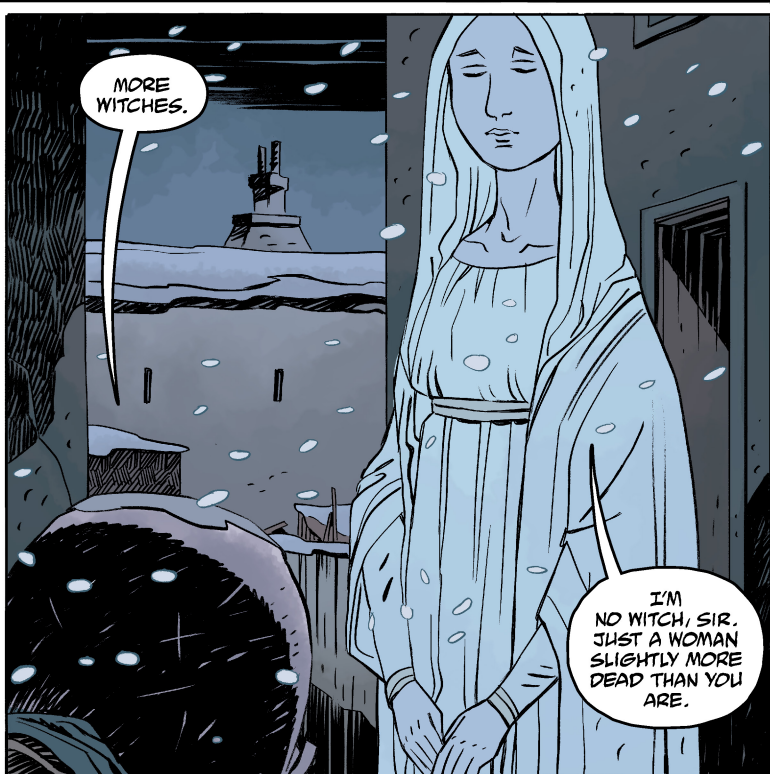


I'M NOT QUITE
SURE WHAT YOU
ARE. A WANDERER,
YES, BUT **NOT**
LIKE ME.

YOU HAVE
FLESH. YOU
CAN STILL
FIGHT.

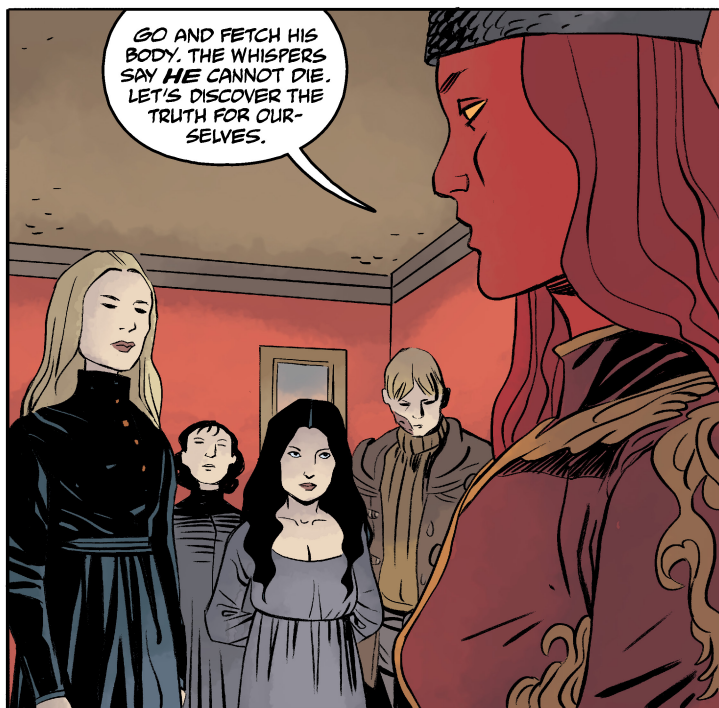


LINGGHH...



MORE
WITCHES.

I'M
NO WITCH, SIR.
JUST A WOMAN
SLIGHTLY MORE
DEAD THAN YOU
ARE.



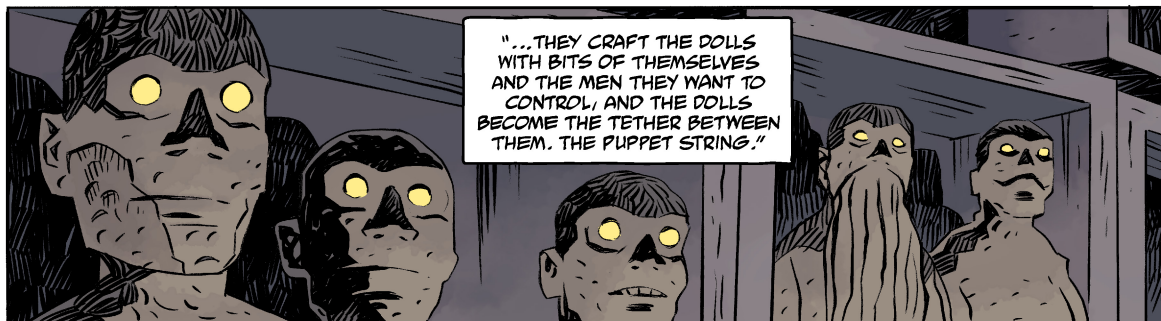
GO AND FETCH HIS BODY. THE WHISPERS SAY **HE** CANNOT DIE. LET'S DISCOVER THE TRUTH FOR OURSELVES.



YOU MUST BE CAREFUL. IF YOU KILL THE WITCHES WITHOUT FIRST DESTROYING THE DOLLS, I FEAR THE MEN WILL DIE AS WELL.

"DOLLS"?

INSIDE...



"...THEY CRAFT THE DOLLS WITH BITS OF THEMSELVES AND THE MEN THEY WANT TO CONTROL, AND THE DOLLS BECOME THE TETHER BETWEEN THEM. THE PUPPET STRING."

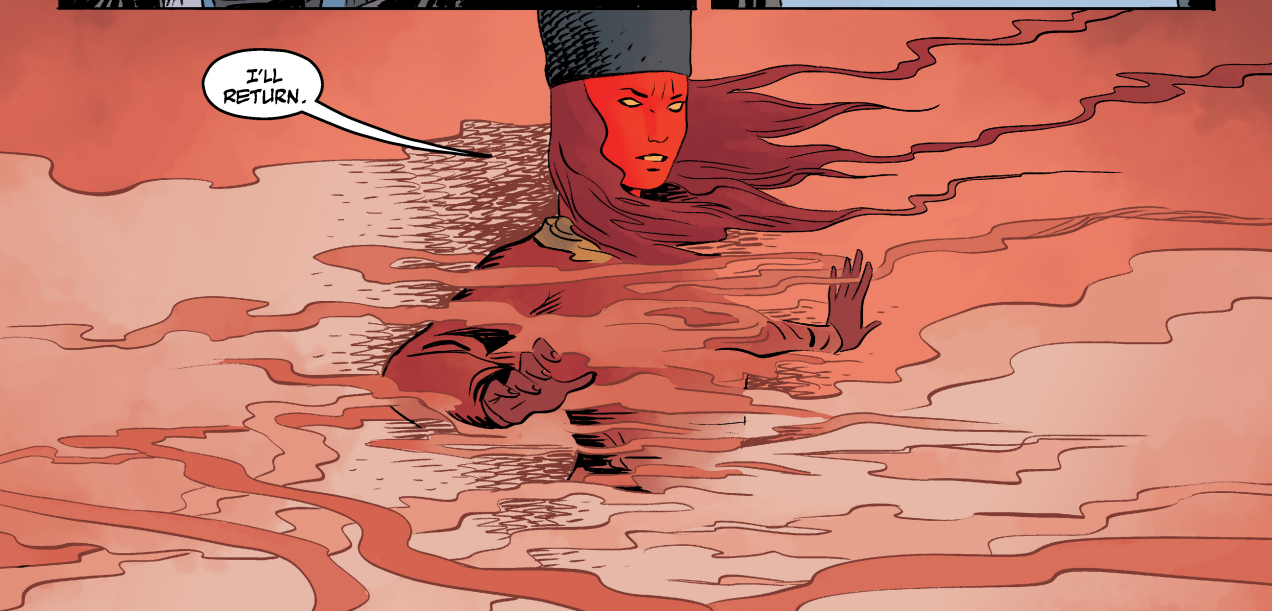
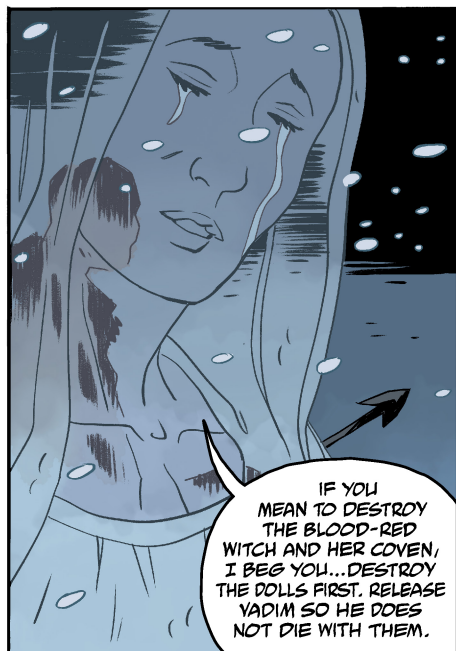


MY HUSBAND YADIM WENT TO BED WITH ONE OF THEM. IT WAS NOT THE FIRST TIME HE HAD BEEN UNFAITHFUL, BUT THIS WAS DIFFERENT. HE CAME BACK ENTRANCED--

HE LOOKED AROUND AT THE WORLD AND THOUGHT HE MUST BE DREAMING...



"...I MADE THE MISTAKE OF TRYING TO WAKE HIM FROM THAT TRANCE."





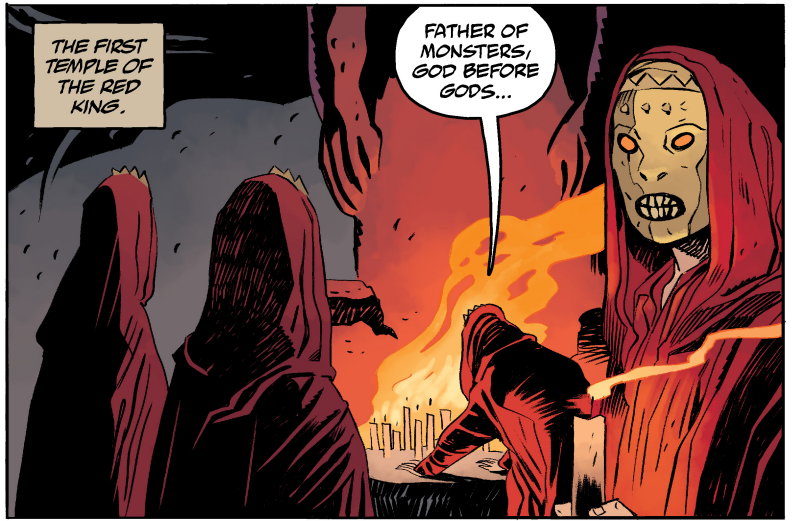




CARTHAGE.



THE
RUINS
OF THE
ANCIENT
CITY.





BROTHERS AND SISTERS...WE STAND AT LAST WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE FIRST TEMPLE. OFFERING A **GOAT** WOULD BE AN INSULT TO OUR MASTER. WE **MUST** SPILL **HUMAN** BLOOD.

BUT THE SACRIFICE MUST BE PERFORMED **NOW**, AND WE'VE YET TO LOCATE THE OUTSIDERS WHO DISCOVERED THIS PLACE. THERE **IS** NO ONE ELSE.



THAT'S NOT STRICTLY TRUE.



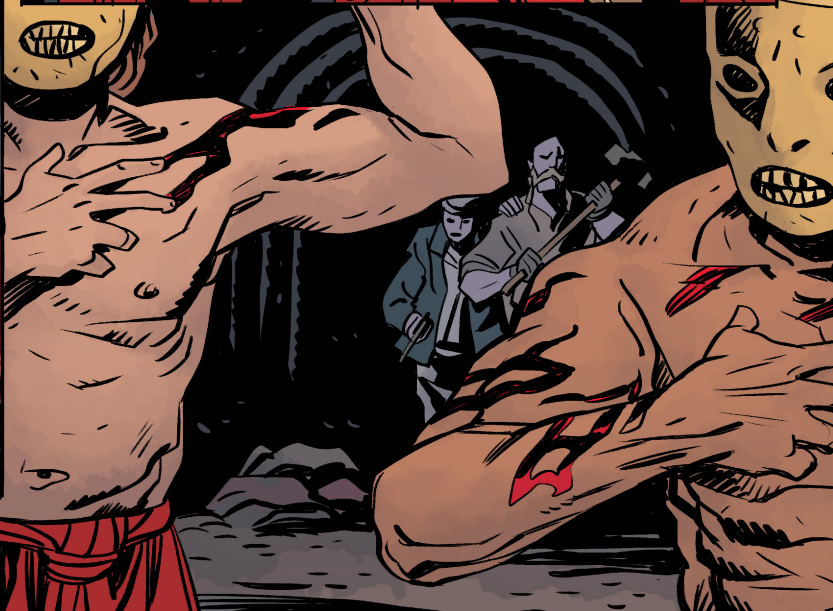
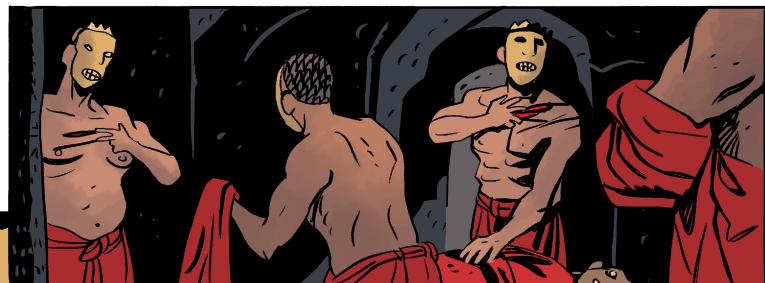
STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I'M ONE OF YOU!



AND WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR YOUR SACRIFICE.



AlIIIEEEEE!









ST. PETERSBURG.



THUD
THUD



YOU'D
BEST GET
THE DOOR,
BOY.



WHO'S THERE?!

YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED, LITTLE PRIEST. THE NIGHT GROWS DARKER.



LORD--

OUT OF THE WAY!



WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO HIM?

THE SAME DEVILS AS ALWAYS. BUT **HE HAS A PLAN**, RIGO. FOR ONCE, HE NEEDS OUR HELP. I DON'T THINK HE **LIKES** IT VERY MUCH.



YOU!

HORRIBLE OUT THERE, ISN'T IT? YOU COULD BE LOST FOREVER IN ALL THAT WHITE.

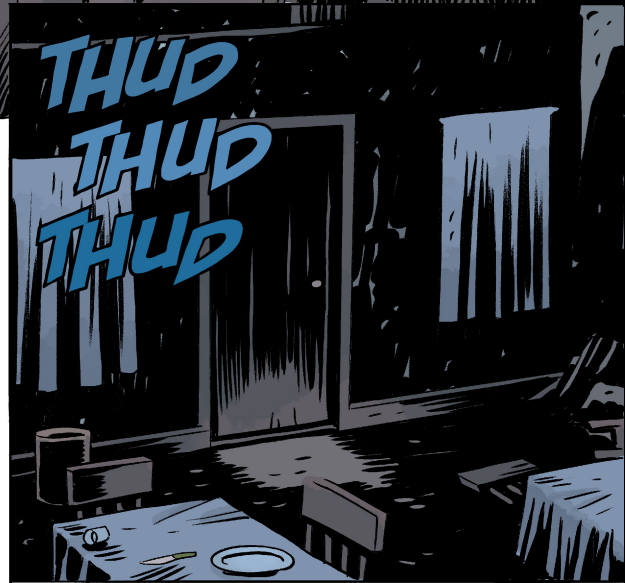


BALTIMORE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU CAN'T JUST **SET HIM FREE!** HE'S NOT--





CARTHAGE.

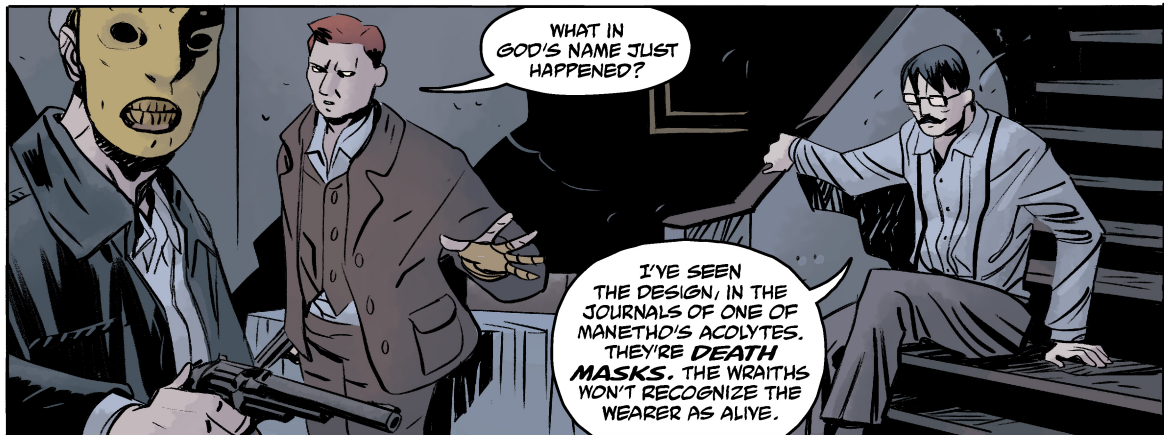


COMING. I'M
COMING.











I WOULDN'T TROUBLE MYSELF WITH ORDINARY WITCHES, BUT THE PRIEST WROTE TO TELL ME YOU'D PLEDGED YOURSELVES TO THE RED KING AND THAT YOUR POWER WAS GROWING.

I CAME TO RUSSIA TO STOP YOU--

ST. PETERSBURG.



--AND STOP YOU I WILL.



WILL YOU REALLY KILL ALL OF THESE MEN--ALL OF THESE INNOCENTS--JUST TO REACH US?

EVEN YOUR FRIEND? WILL YOU KILL HIM?

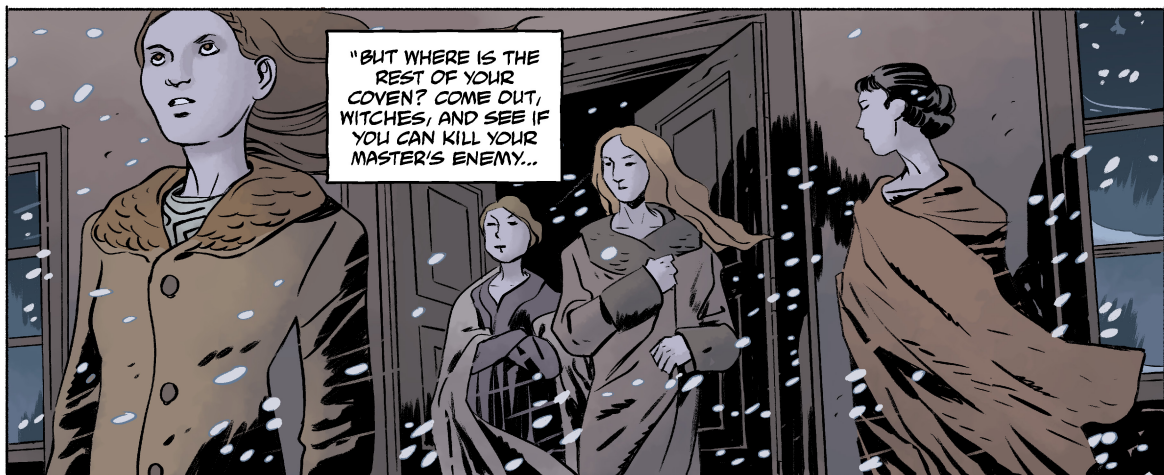


YOU SPEAK WITH CHILDRESS'S LIPS, BUT I KNOW THE VOICE OF WITCH-CRAFT.

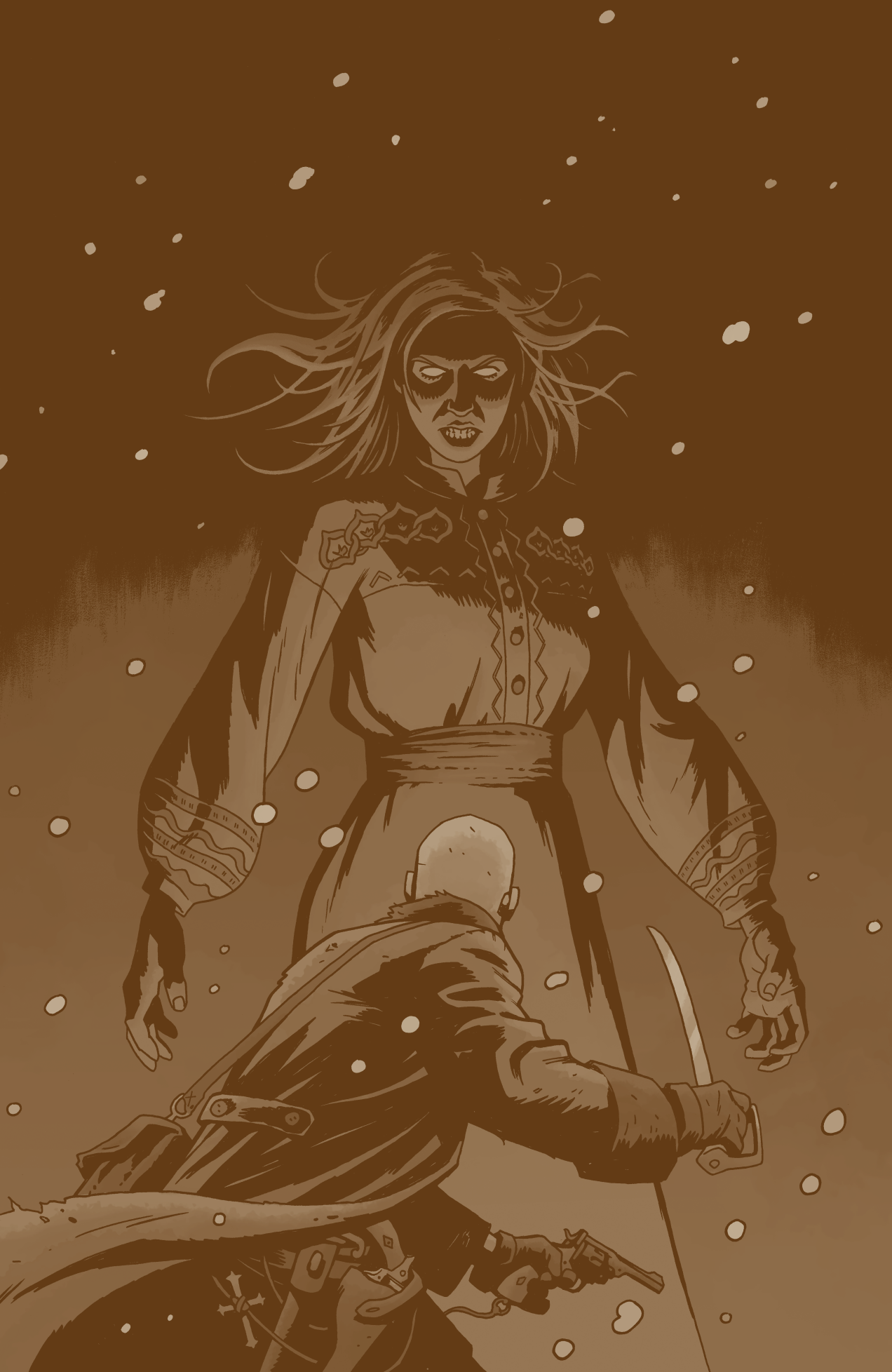
AS FOR THESE MEN...I DON'T WANT TO KILL ANY OF THEM, IF I CAN HELP IT. BUT I DOUBT THERE ARE ANY INNOCENTS HERE.

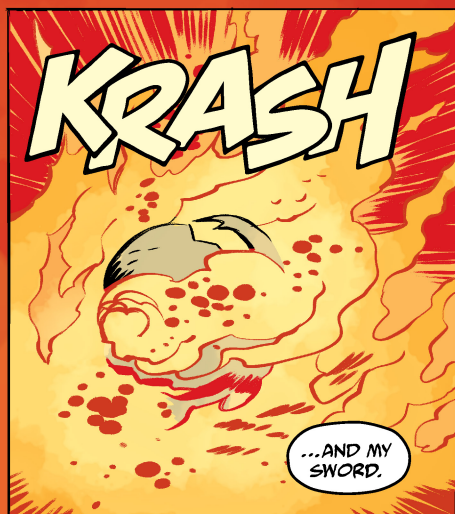


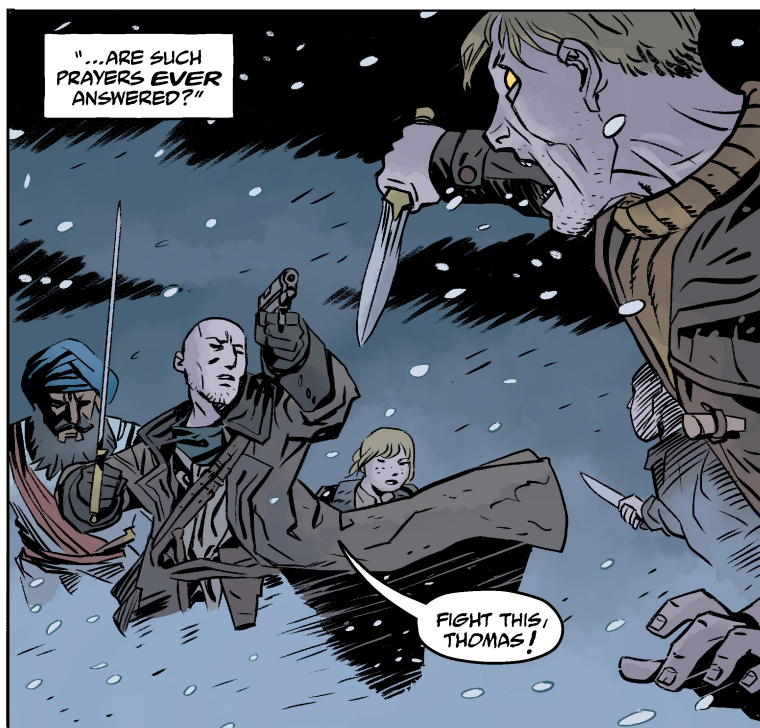




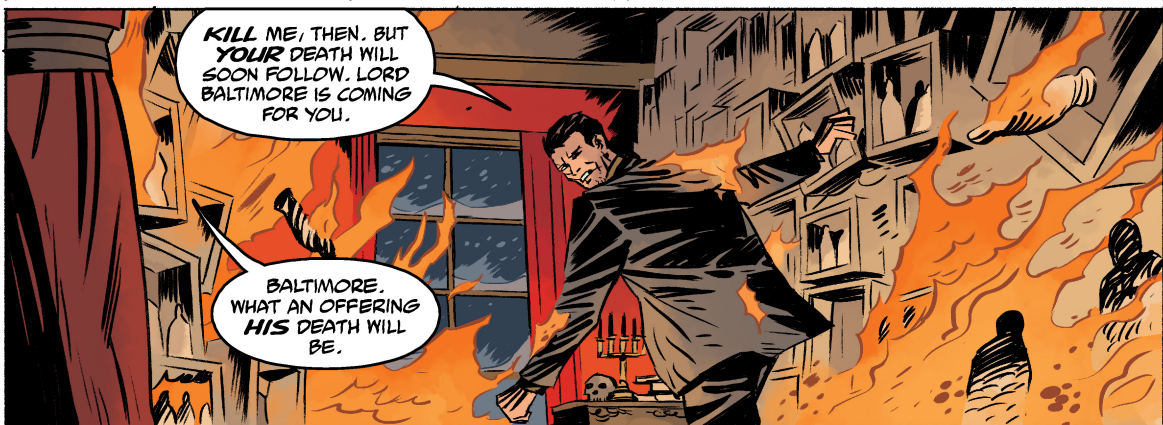
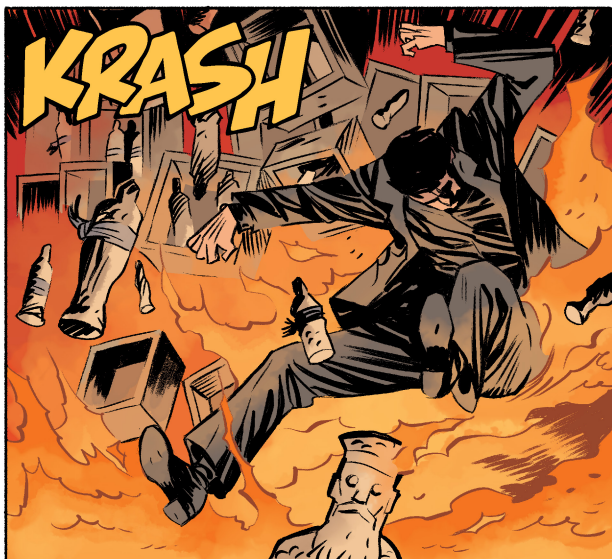
CHAPTER FIVE







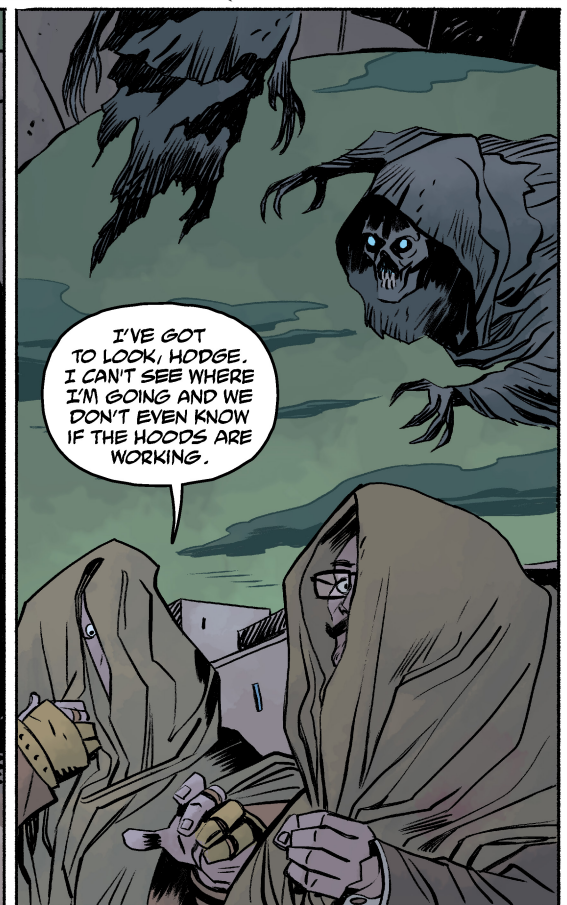
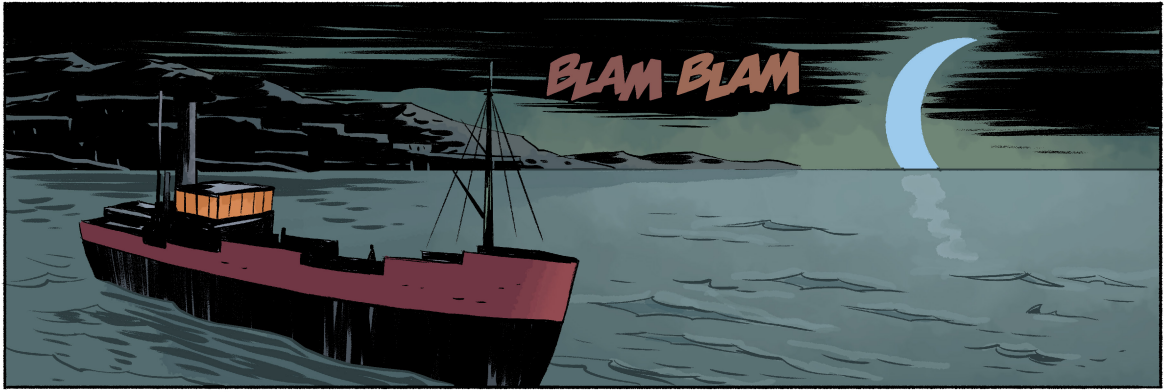








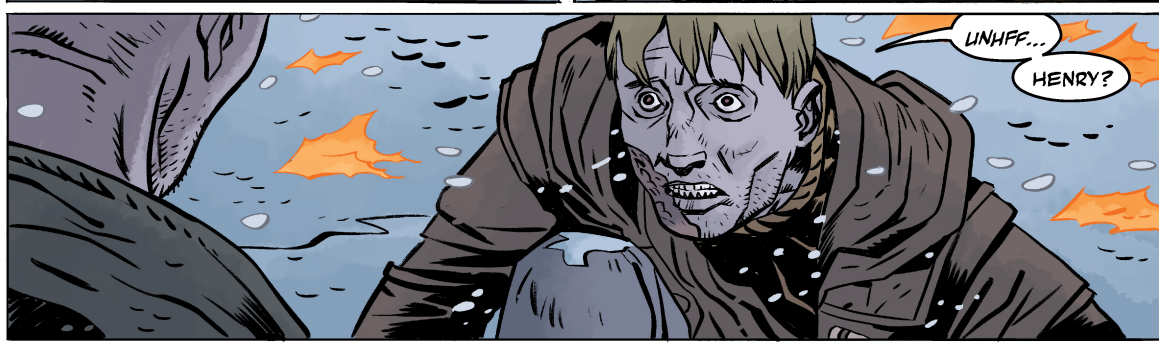


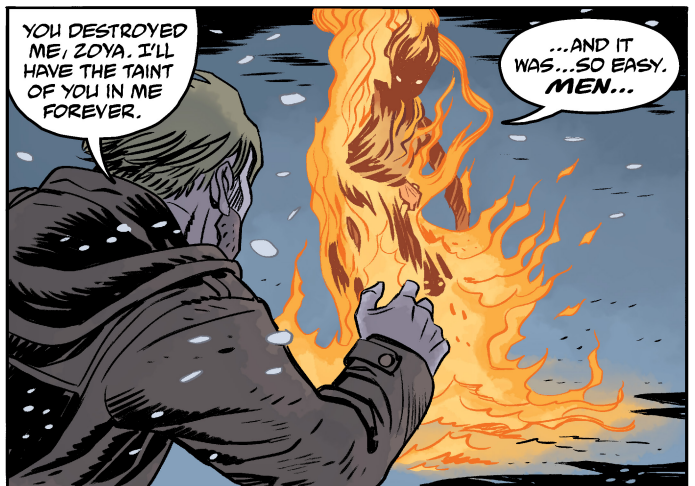






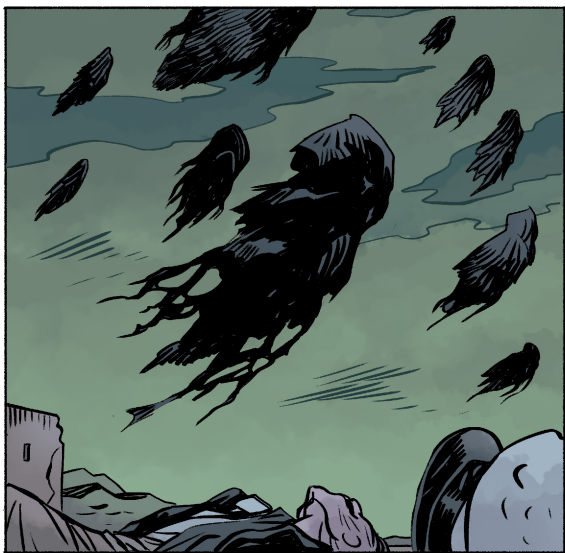
ST. PETERSBURG.

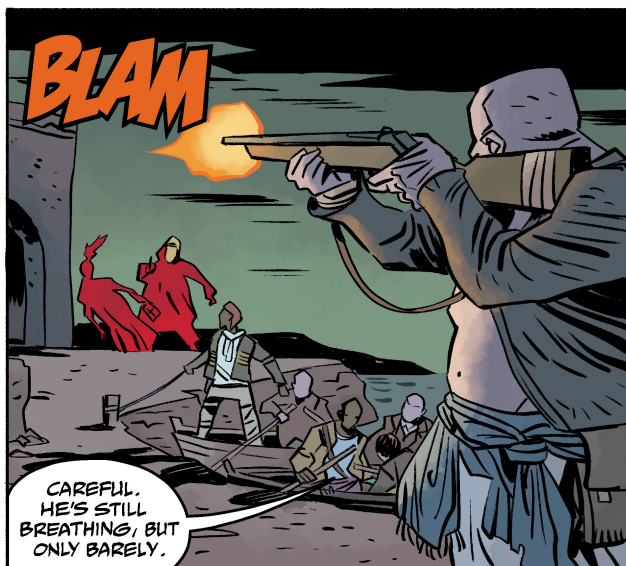
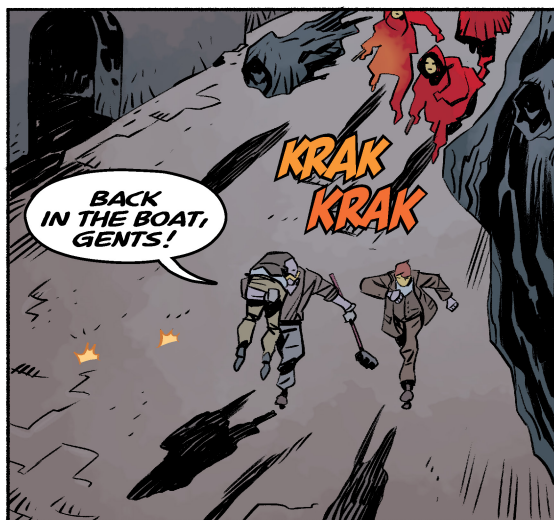


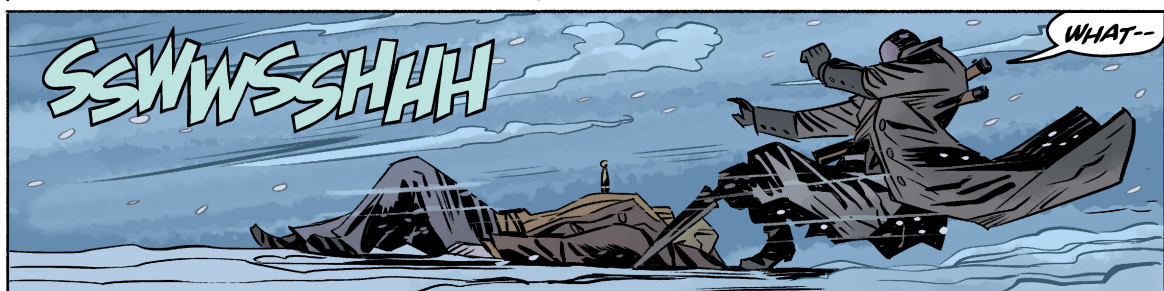














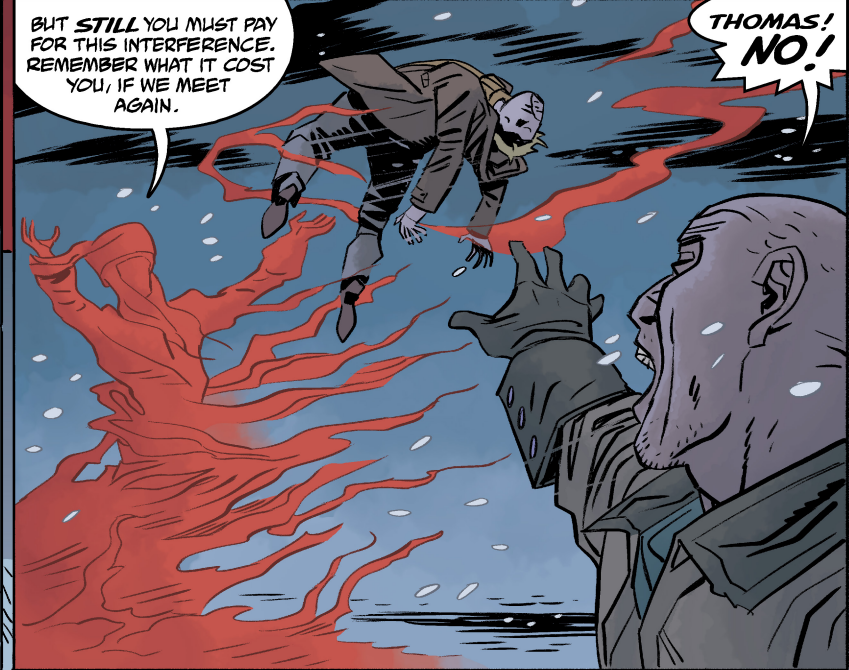
YOU
DON'T EVEN
UNDERSTAND WHAT
YOU ARE. YOU THINK
YOU'RE SOME KIND
OF WARRIOR. A
HERO...



BUT
YOU'RE JUST
A THING. A PAWN.
AN AUTOMATON. IN
THE END, YOU'LL
MATTER NOT AT
ALL...



BUT **STILL** YOU MUST PAY
FOR THIS INTERFERENCE.
REMEMBER WHAT IT COST
YOU, IF WE MEET
AGAIN.



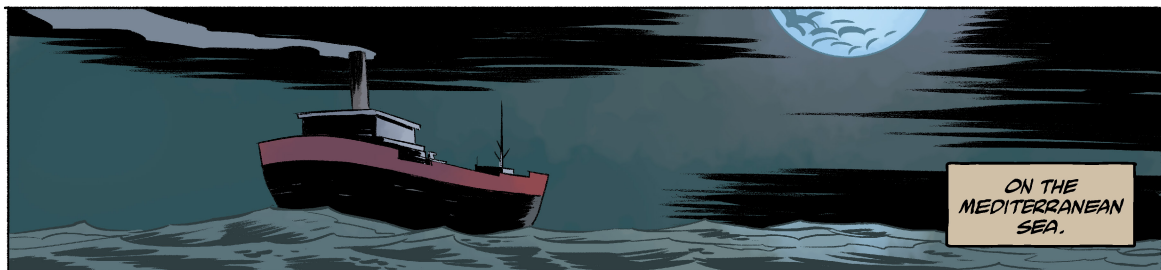
THOMAS!
NO!



NO.







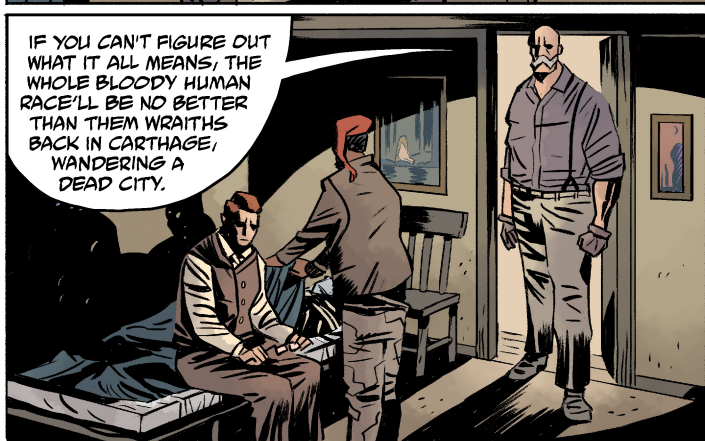
ON THE
MEDITERRANEAN
SEA.



...HE COPIED
DOWN EVERYTHING
WE FOUND IN THOSE
RUINS, AND WE'VE
GOT HODGE'S OWN
JOURNALS...



...BUT IT
FALLS TO
YOU NOW,
DOCTOR.



IF YOU CAN'T FIGURE OUT
WHAT IT ALL MEANS, THE
WHOLE BLOODY HUMAN
RACE'LL BE NO BETTER
THAN THEM WRAITHS
BACK IN CARTHAGE,
WANDERING A
DEAD CITY.



MY THOUGHTS
EXACTLY, MR.
KIDD.

WHICH
IS WHY I FEAR
WE'VE ALREADY
LOST.

ST. PETERSBURG.

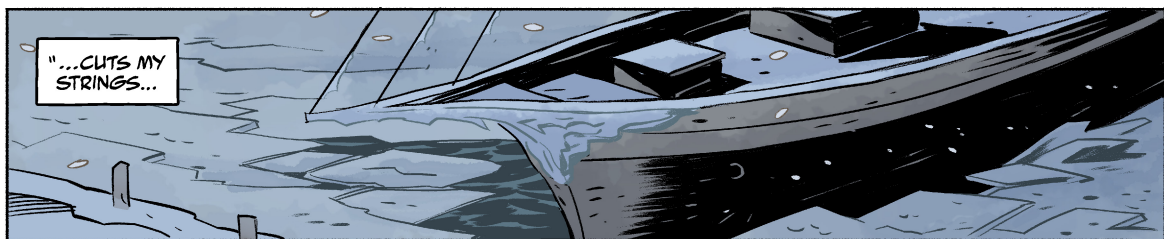
"MAKE NO
MISTAKE..."



"...I WILL KEEP FIGHTING
AGAINST THE RED KING
UNTIL WHATEVER HIGHER
POWER THAT FUELS ME
DECIDES TO FINALLY LET
ME **REST**..."



"...CUTS MY
STRINGS..."



"...BUT THE
TRUTH CANNOT BE
DENIED. EVERYONE
WHO GETS CLOSE
TO ME DIES, AND
DIES HORRIBLY..."



"...YOU
SHOULD MAKE
YOUR PEACE WITH
THAT, IF YOU INTEND
TO CONTINUE
THIS FIGHT WITH
ME."

"I
ALREADY
HAVE."





I'M SO SORRY. I KNOW THOMAS WAS THE ONLY ONE LEFT WHO KNEW THE MAN YOU ONCE WERE--

LORD BALTIMORE!



YOU'VE FOUND ONE ALIVE?

YES, BUT **HURRY!** I DON'T KNOW FOR HOW LONG!



YOU LOOK LIKE A WOMAN WHO WANTS TO DIE.



TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT THE BLOOD-RED WITCH...



...AND I WILL GRANT YOU THE RELEASE THAT HAS SO LONG BEEN DENIED ME.

THE END

BALTIMORE™

THE CULT
OF THE RED KING

SKETCHBOOK

Notes by Scott Allie



Character studies and designs by Peter Bergting.







Harish and (*facing*) the
Blood-Red Witch.





ZOYA II



ZOYA I

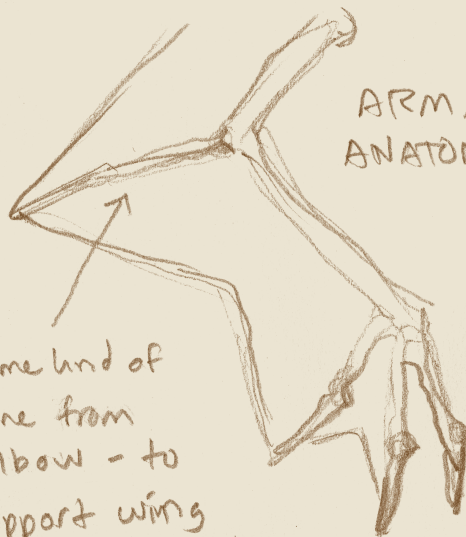


Zoya and (facing) the "death-masked cultists."





BALTIMORE "GUIAFAIRO"



ARM / WING
ANATOMY --

Some kind of
bone from
Elbow - to
Support wing

↑
first two
fingers with
no webbing



LARGER HEAD ?





Peter began with the designs for the *guiafairo* at the top of this page, before Mike reinterpreted with an emphasis on the shape, creating more angles and a more distinct silhouette. Peter's drawing at the right was based on Mike's.





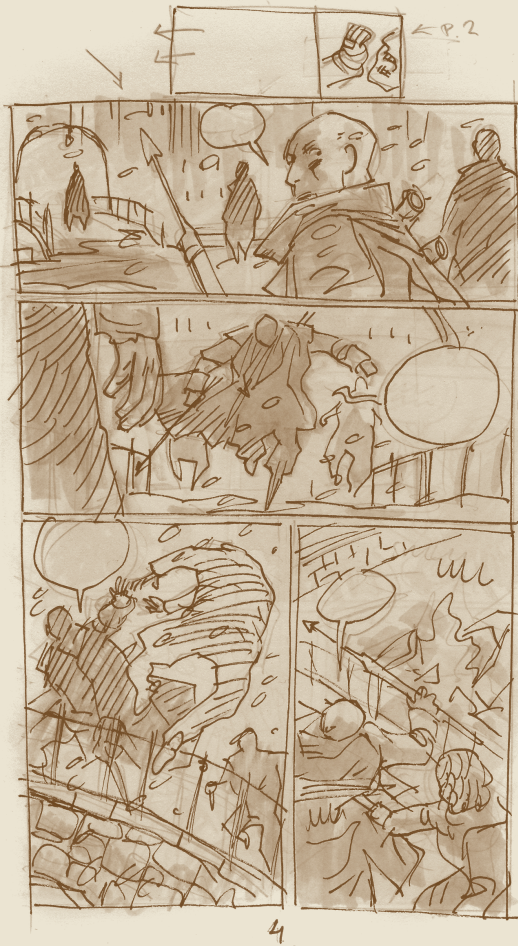
The wraiths, designed by Peter.

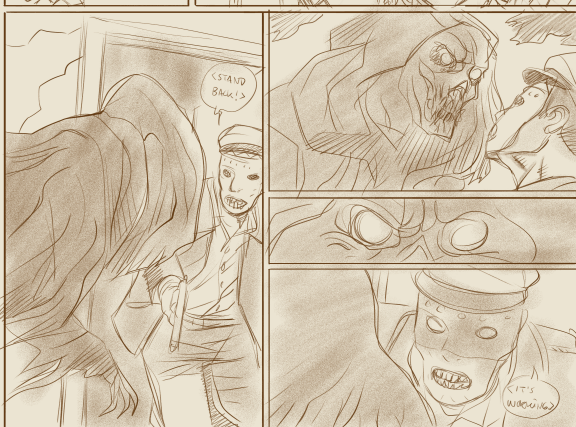
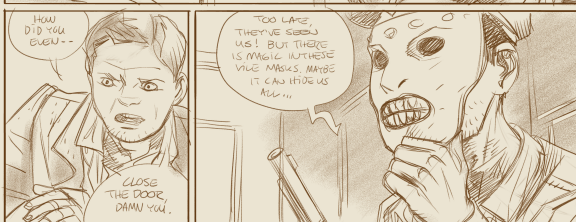
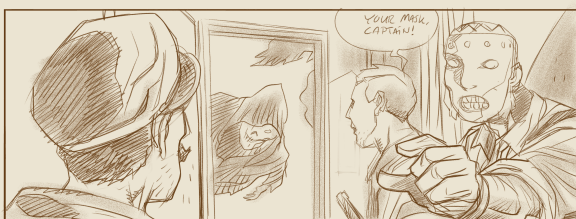
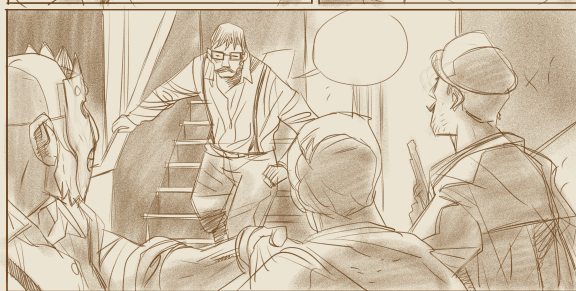
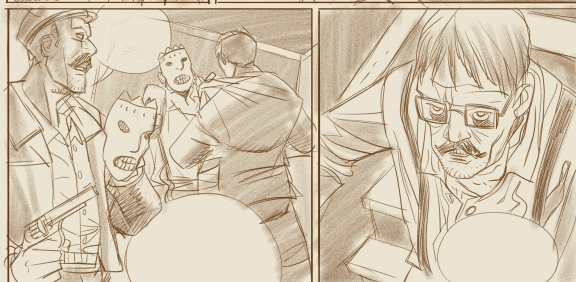
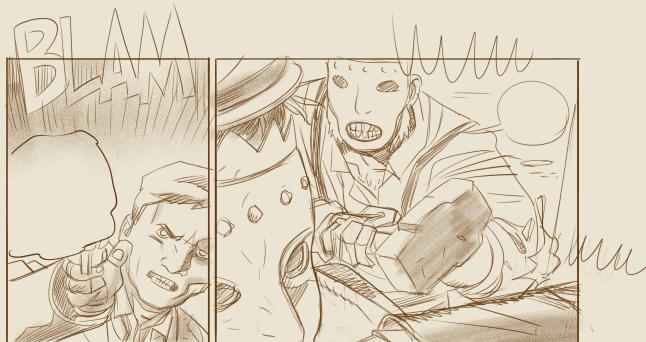


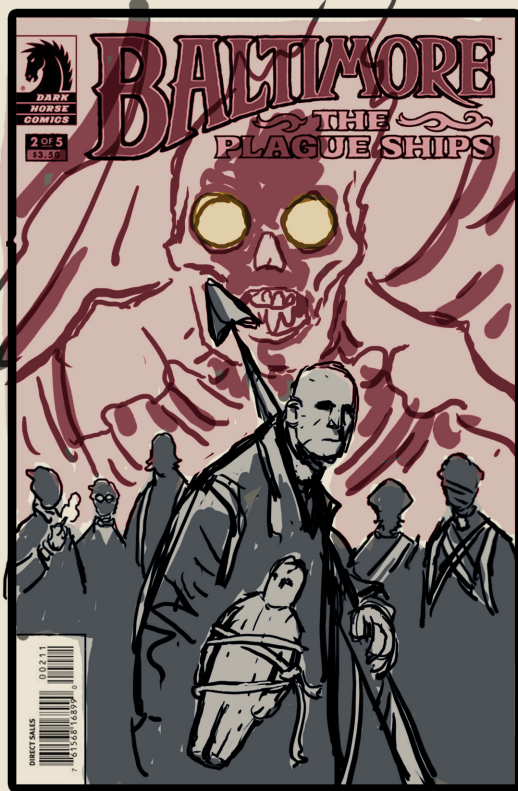


Peter's process sometimes changes from issue to issue. Compare his layouts for chapter 3, page 1 (*left*), to those for chapter 4, pages 4 and 1 (*below*).

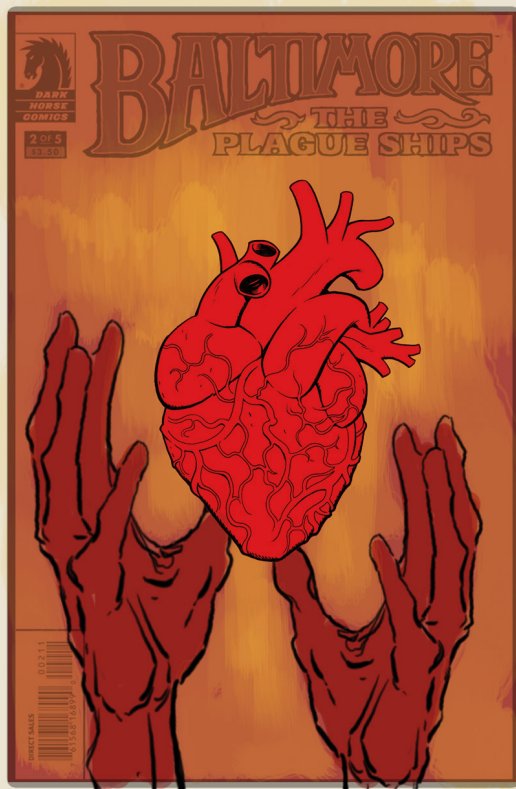
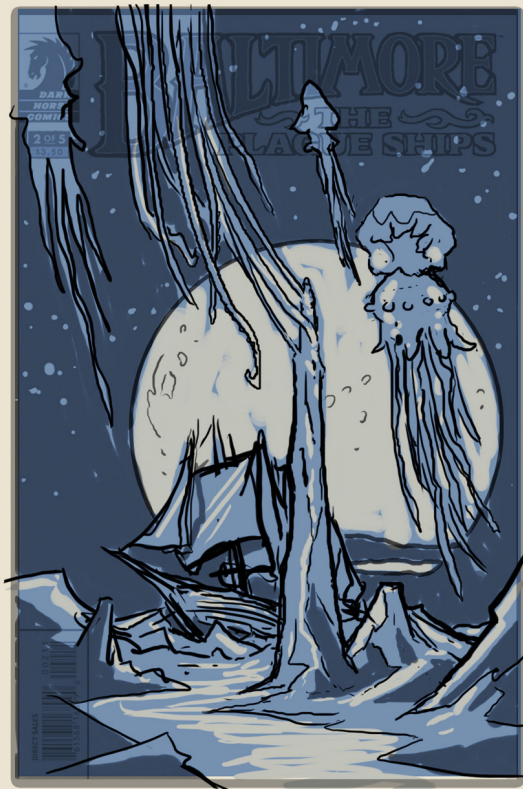
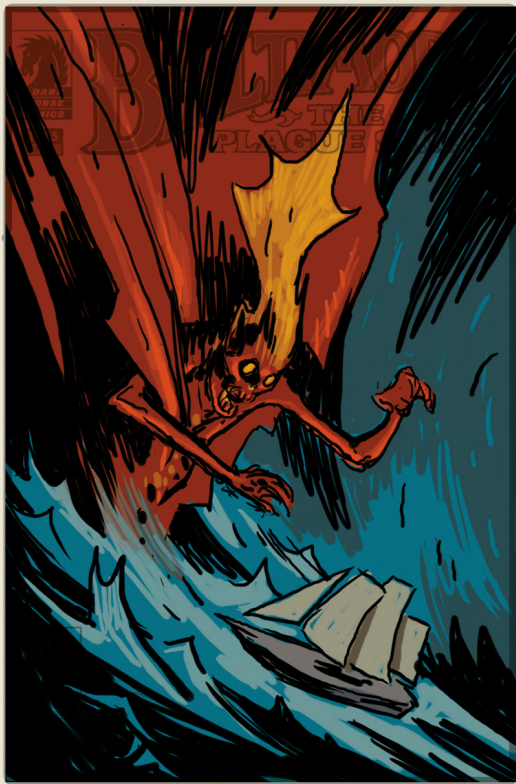
Facing: Peter's very Mignolaesque design for the ghost in chapter 4 and pencils for pages 16 and 17 of that chapter.





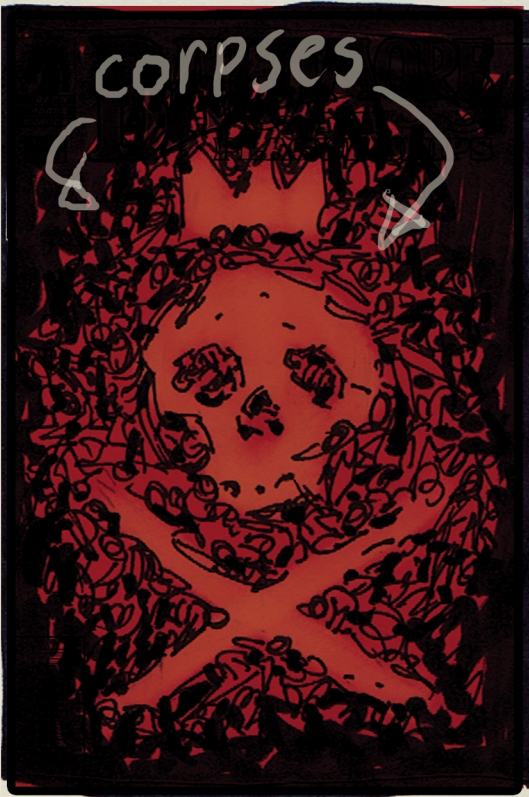


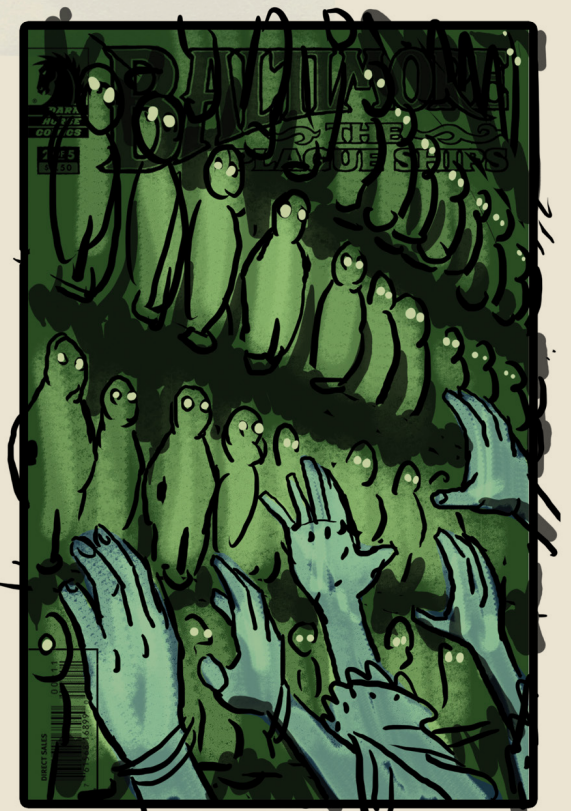
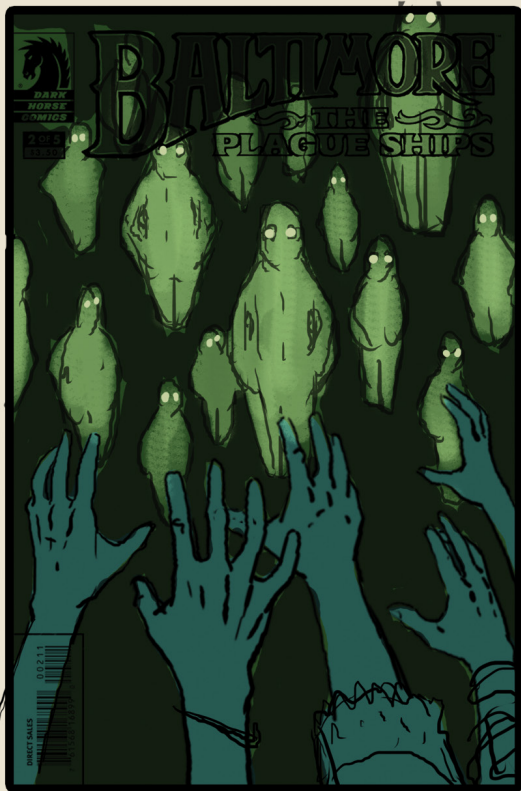
Ben Stenbeck's first cover sketches for the arc. Mike worked with Ben on these sketches, pushing the dolls. We got this first cover completed but decided we wanted to debut the story with something bolder. Ben did the sketches on the facing page, and we chose the top right sketch. The image on this page became the cover of the second issue.

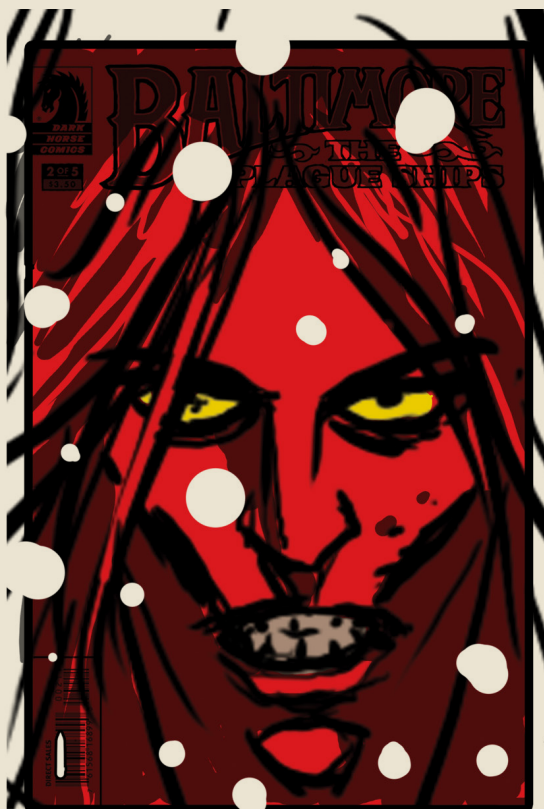


Ben did all these sketches for the third issue. We chose the sketch on the facing page, lower left, and Ben pushed the masks more, as Mike and Peter had finalized the designs.

Following page: Ben's sketches for the final issue of this arc.







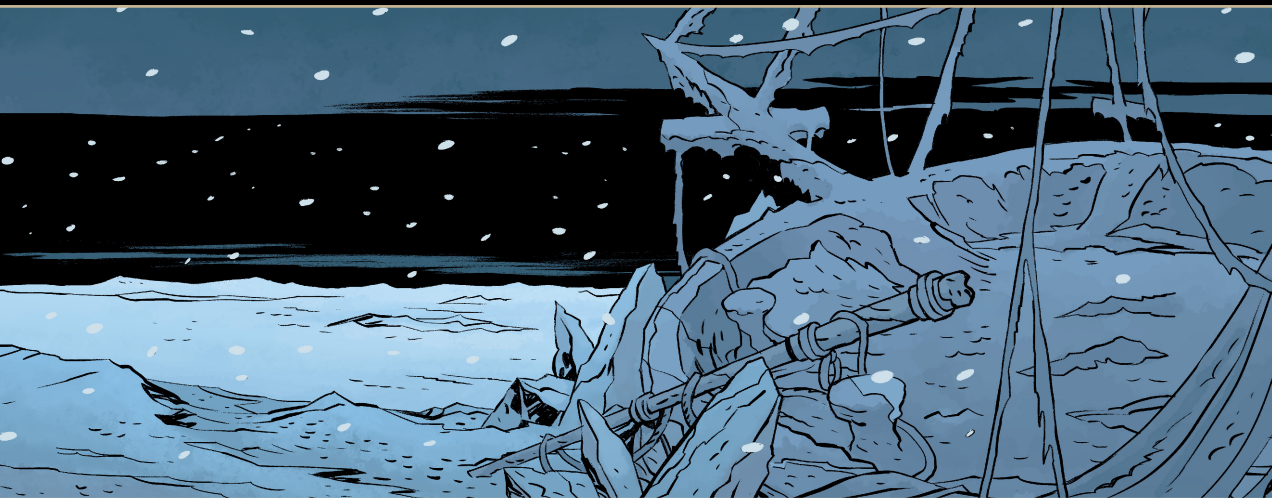
MIKE MIGNOLA's fascination with ghosts and monsters began at an early age; reading *Dracula* at age twelve introduced him to Victorian literature and folklore, from which he has never recovered. Starting in 1982 as a bad inker for Marvel Comics, he swiftly evolved into a not-so-bad artist. By the late 1980s, he had begun to develop his own unique graphic style, with mainstream projects like *Cosmic Odyssey* and *Batman: Gotham by Gaslight*. In 1994, he published the first *Hellboy* series through Dark Horse. There are over fifteen *Hellboy* graphic novels (with more on the way), several spinoff titles (*B.P.R.D.*, *Lobster Johnson*, *Abe Sapien*, and *Sir Edward Grey: Witchfinder*), prose books, animated films, and two live-action films starring Ron Perlman. Along the way he worked on Francis Ford Coppola's film *Bram Stoker's Dracula* (1992), was a production designer for Disney's *Atlantis: The Lost Empire* (2001), and was the visual consultant to director Guillermo del Toro on *Blade II* (2002), *Hellboy* (2004), and *Hellboy II: The Golden Army* (2008). Mike's books have earned numerous awards and are published in a great many countries. Mike lives somewhere in Southern California with his wife, daughter, and cat.

CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN is the author of such novels as *Of Saints and Shadows*, *The Myth Hunters*, *The Boys Are Back in Town*, *Strangewood*, and *Tin Men*. He has also written books for teens and young adults, including *When Rose Wakes*, *Soulless*, *Poison Ink*, and *The Secret Journeys of Jack London*, coauthored with Tim Lebbon. His other work with Mike Mignola includes the novels *Baltimore; or, The Steadfast Tin Soldier and the Vampire* and *Joe Golem and the Drowning City*. Golden was born and raised in Massachusetts, where he still lives with his family. His original novels have been published in more than fourteen languages in countries around the world. Please visit him at ChristopherGolden.com.

PETER BERGTING has spent all of his life drawing silly and scary things and made his comic book debut with the 2006 series *The Portent*. He loves working on his slice of the Mignolaverse and plops down in front of the drawing board with a big, cheesy grin every day.

“As our heroes traverse the Baltic Sea, they can only speculate as to the terrors that might be lurking beneath the waves . . .”

—IGN



“A perfect entry point for new readers . . . Creepy and cool in a sensational time period. You’ll quickly be turning pages to see what horror lies waiting.”

—SciFiPulse

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